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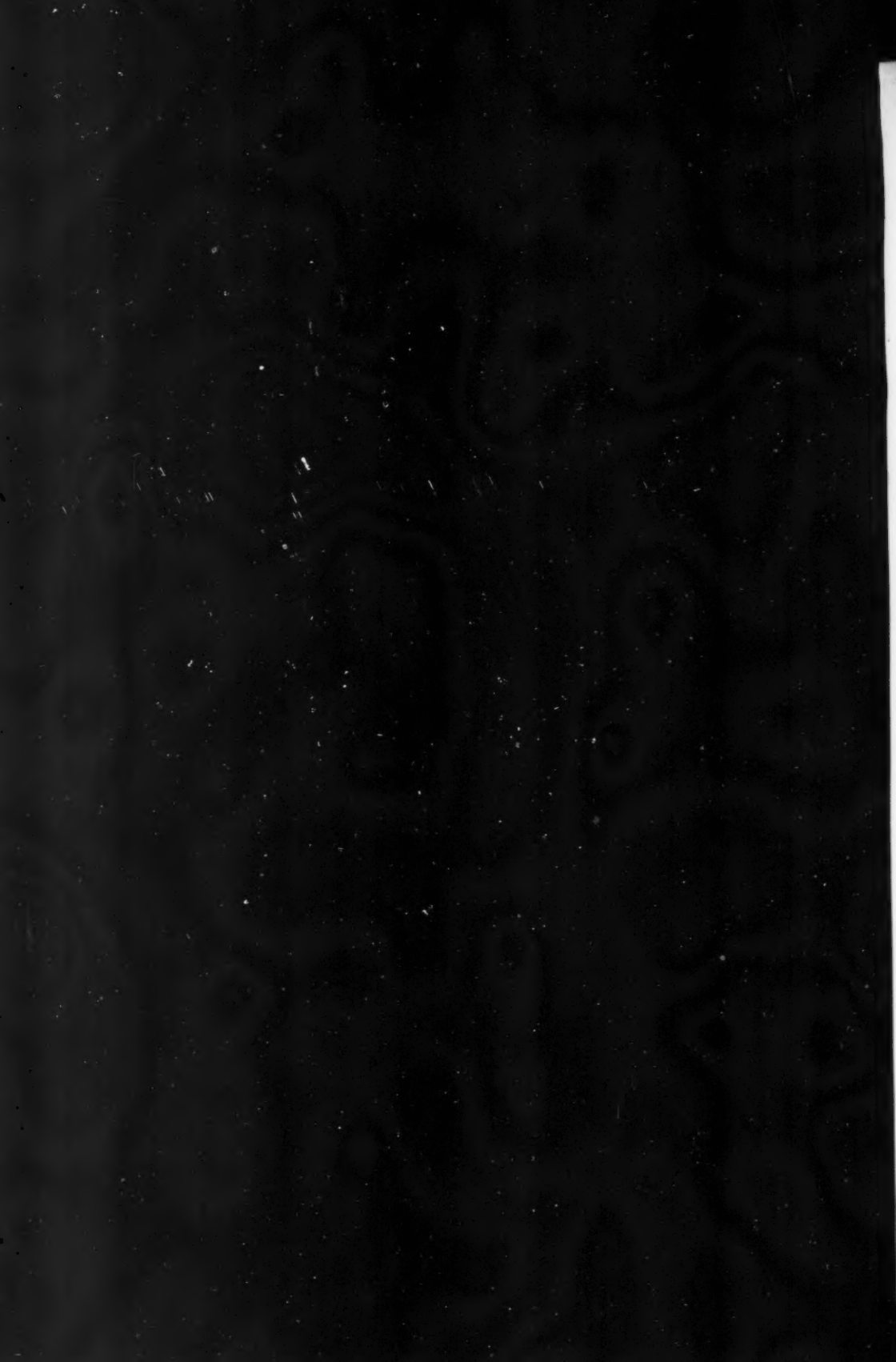
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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXIII. }

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SONNETS IN MY LIBRARY.

THE HEREAFTER.

(concluded.)

VI. — HOPE AGAIN.

THE far-off darkness that we cannot pierce,
 Seen distant when we reach the other side,
 By love's light shall be over-canopied.
 Far off shall rise above all temporal curse,
 Above all falling-off from fair to worse,
 Above all death, the Church-song yet un-
 tried;
 So that no surface discords then shall hide
 The under harmony of the universe.
 So, poised immeasurably high, the lark
 O'er fields of battle, upturn'd faces white,
 Sings her heart out above the redden'd sod
 Thro' miles that stretch away in gold to
 God;
 So a far town of dim lamps in the dark
 Constructs itself a coronal of light.

VII. — VICTRIX DELECTATIO.

An ocean child lived on a northern strand
 In a hut—bent, thatch'd, blown around
 with foam.
 One found and bore him to a lovely home,
 Folded in a sweet valley far inland.
 The boy's heart pointed seaward, as a wand
 Points to hid fountains. Once he chanced
 to roam
 Till he clomb upward to a mountain dome:
 Far off he saw a blue speck tremulous spann'd
 By azure sky. "The sea, the sea!" he cried,
 Weeping; for sorely he had missed the
 dawn,
 The movement and the music of the tide,—
 Who loves it once in love for aye shall be
 With the victorious sweetness of the sea,
 Its long, strange, sweet sighs slowly back-
 ward drawn.

VIII. — THE SAME.

Spiritual ocean, measurelessly broad!
 Who loves thee once truly shall evermore
 Be drawn to thee, fair sea without a shore!
 Surely and indeclinably,* not o'er-awed,
 Not over-mastered (for such force) were fraud
 Where sweet love is in question): conqueror
 Of these our human hearts when they are
 sore,
 The true friend's suasion truly doth persuade—
 The touch'd heart at thy magic moves, blue
 tide!
 Thine own victorious sweetness draws us
 nigher.
 There is no fragrance and no fall like
 thine,
 They by thine ancient beauty who abide,
 Spirits emancipated, see no fire
 But that of rose and gold which is divine.

WILLIAM DERRY AND RAPHOE.

Spectator.

* St. Augustine's doctrine in his various writings on
 grace. See also Fénelon's "Letters," especially those
 which close the second volume of the "Œuvres Spi-
 rituelles."

GRIEF.

THERE is a common form of misery
 That tears away all cloaking and disguise,
 That thrusts its weakness in its neighbor's
 eyes,
 And says to all men "Look, and pity me!"
 There is a grief whose forceful agony
 Will not be hid, though hard the spirit
 tries—
 A grief whose wretchedness to heaven cries
 In street and market-place, where all may see.
 Ah, these are bitter! But we never hear
 The hopeless misery that withers some—
 The inward desolation black and sere,
 That longs for rest, where rest may never
 come!
 The blasting woe that cannot force a tear,
 The heart that slowly breaks, and yet is
 dumb.
 Academy.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

SONNET.

Do Time's poor tinsel pageants overcast
 Thy musing eyes with shadow of disdain?
 Or forgotten pangs of sorrow past
 Write on thy brow the sad record of pain?
 Or is it thought entranced that oft conceals
 Thy soul's pure lustre from the ceaseless
 crowd?
 They mark but what the first accost reveals,
 And, shallow censors, deem thee cold or
 proud.
 They fathom not the bosom kind as fair,
 Where loving ruth, and tender pity dwell,
 The nature sweet and soft as summer's air,
 Which, ever young, mocks Time's malig-
 nant spell,
 Oh, happy they, to whom the shrine is shown,
 Enriched with treasure to the world unknown!
 Temple Bar. W. D. S.

I CHIDE NOT AT THE SEASONS.

I CHIDE not at the seasons; for if Spring
 With backward look refuses to be fair,
 My love even more than April makes me sing,
 And bears May blossom in the bleak March air.
 Should Summer fail its tryst, or June delay
 To wreath my porch with roses red and pale,
 Her breath is sweeter than the new-mown hay,
 Her touch more clinging than the woodbine's
 trail.
 Let Autumn like a spendthrift waste the year,
 And reap no harvest save the fallen leaves,
 My love still ripeneth, though she grows not
 sere,
 And smiles enthroned on my piled-up sheaves.
 And, last, when miser Winter docks the days,
 She warms my hearth and keeps my hopes
 ablaze.
 Spectator.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MARY STUART IN SCOTLAND.

THE CONSPIRACIES OF THE NOBLES.

II.

DARNLEY.

THE favorite castle of Mary Stuart occupies a commanding position on the road to Dalkeith. Facing Arthur's Seat, flanked by the Pentlands, it crowns the low ridge that lies between the two. Though close to the capital—so close that the chimes of St. Giles's bells are clearly heard of a summer night—the castle is in the open country, and the breeze that blows round its turrets is fresh and keen. From the battlements the outlook is wide,—the great Lothian plain, with glimpses of shining sea and shadowy moorland, stretching away to the horizon. It was here that the political movement against Darnley first took shape. The substantial accuracy of the narrative of the events that occurred at Craigmillar during the last days of November or the first days of December, 1566—prepared by Huntly and Argyll—has not been seriously impeached.

Argyll was in bed, when early in the morning of a December day Moray and Lethington entered his room. They came to ascertain whether he would assist them in procuring the pardon of Morton from the queen. Morton had been banished because he had aided Moray and his friends to return to Scotland, and they felt that they would be ungrateful if they left him to suffer for the good offices he had rendered them. Argyll having intimated that he was willing to assist, on the understanding that Mary would not be offended, Maitland suggested that the best means to secure her acquiescence was to find some means by which she could be divorced from Darnley, who had behaved so badly to her in so many ways. Argyll did not see how this could be effected, but Lethington assured him that a separation could be arranged. Huntly was sent for, and, his consent having been secured, they went together to the room occupied by Bothwell, with whom the matter was again discussed. Then the five—Moray, Maitland, Argyll, Huntly, and Bothwell—

had an audience of the queen. Lethington spoke for the rest. They could not disguise from her or from themselves, he said, that the king's conduct had become intolerable. His evil example was hurtful to the whole realm; and he might at any moment do her and them an evil turn, for which it would be difficult to find a remedy. Would she agree to a divorce? Mary listened in silence; at last she replied that if a lawful divorce, which would not prejudice her son's rights, could be obtained, she might possibly be induced to comply with their advice. But it was possible, she added, that Darnley would reform; he might have another chance; and she herself in the mean time could visit her friends in France. Then Lethington, speaking for the others, said: "Madame, we that are here, the principal of your Grace's nobility and Council, will find the means that your Majesty shall be quit of him without prejudice of your son; and although my Lord of Moray be little less scrupulous for a Protestant than your Grace is for a Papist, I am assured that he will look through his fingers thereto, and will behold our doings, saying nothing against the same." The queen answered, "I will that ye do nothing whereby any spot may be laid to my honor or conscience, and therefore I pray you rather let the matter be in the state it is, abiding till God in His goodness provide a remedy. Thinking to do me service," she added, "the end may not be conformable to your desires,—on the contrary, it may turn to my hurt and displeasure." "Madame," said Lethington, "let us guide the matter among us, and your Grace shall see nothing but what is good and lawful and approved by Parliament."

Moray did not venture to allege that he was not present at the Craigmillar conference. On the contrary, he expressly admitted that he was there. He had given Elizabeth, he afterwards explained, his own version of what took place at the interview, and (he continued) whoever affirmed that he was privy to any unlawful or dishonorable purpose, or that he attached his signature to any band subscribed at Craigmillar, spoke wickedly and untruly. It will be observed that Moray's

reply is in no respect inconsistent with the "protestation,"—it does not traverse any one of the specific averments made by Argyll and Huntly. It need only be added that if the conference at Craigmillar is evidence against Mary (to the effect that she consented to the murder of Darnley), it is precisely to the same effect evidence against Moray. The objects of the conference were either lawful and honorable, or unlawful and dishonorable. If they were lawful and honorable, neither Mary nor Moray is compromised by what took place; if they were unlawful and dishonorable, they incriminate the one exactly in the same sense that they incriminate the other.

The Craigmillar conference took place during the first week of December, 1566; in the early morning of 10th February, 1567, the Kirk o' Field, where Darnley slept, was blown into the air. It is hardly to be denied that the two events—separated by barely two months—stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect. But with the Craigmillar conference the direct evidence against the queen closes; the proof that connects her with the murder is henceforth circumstantial (or inferential) only; and it may be said with some confidence that the clumsy catastrophe that ensued was directed neither by the keen brain of Maitland, nor by the deft hand of Mary. The doom which the peers had virtually pronounced was carried out; but Bothwell's vulgar violence and headstrong passion converted what might have been regarded as a quasi-judicial execution into a midnight outrage.

It is unnecessary to linger over the incidents of a tragedy that has become one of the commonplaces of history. A few of the salient facts, however, brought together into orderly sequence, may prove serviceable to the reader.

Darnley, on quitting Stirling, after the baptism of the infant prince, was seized with what appears to have been smallpox. Some writers have assumed that poison had been administered to him by Mary; others have asserted, with greater probability, that his constitution had been impaired by his excesses, and that the poison was in his blood. He lay at Glasgow in a

nerveless, shattered condition for some time. Moved, it may be, by his entreaties (for it seems probable that he had asked her to come to him), the queen went to Glasgow, and in the course of a few days they returned to Edinburgh together. The young prince was at Holyrood; and as the disease from which Darnley was suffering was understood to be infectious, he was taken (though Mary herself was anxious that he should go to Craigmillar) to the Kirk o' Field, a house which had belonged to one of the monastic orders, and which, Knox asserts, had been lately bought by "Master James Balfour." Melville says that it was a place of good air,—more bracing for an invalid than Holyrood. Some rooms were prepared for the king, and a bedroom was fitted up for the queen, which she occasionally occupied during the ten days that intervened. On the evening of Sunday the 9th of February, a large quantity of powder was conveyed into the house by Bothwell's retainers. It has been said that it was deposited in the queen's sleeping-room; but as the house was torn up from the foundations—"dung in dross to the very ground stone"—it appears more probable that the greater part of it, at least, had been placed in one of the cellars. "The train of gunpowder inflammit the hail timber of the house, and trublit the walls thereof, in sic sort that great stanes of the length of ten foot, and of the breadth of four foot, were found blawin frae that house a far way." As eminently characteristic of the parsimonious spirit of this penurious queen—"economical even in the prodigality of her vices"—it has been asserted by Buchanan that on the previous evening the good bed on which she had slept was by her direction taken away, and an inferior one put in its place. After supper she went to visit the king, and returned about eleven o'clock to the palace, where a masked ball was being held. After Darnley's death it became the cue of those who had been hitherto his most bitter enemies to speak well of him. He had repented, they said, of his early irregularities, and had sought refuge in the consolations of religion. There is a letter by Drury, written about the end of April, in

which it is stated that on the night of his murder, Darnley, before he went to sleep, repeated some verses of the fifty-fifth psalm. The sense of approaching doom may have been hanging over the victim; his illness may have steadied and sobered him; but the excessive felicity, the suspicious appropriateness, of the selection is apt to provoke incredulity. About two or three o'clock next morning the Kirk o' Field was blown into the darkness. "Upon the tenth day of Februar, at two hours before none in the morning, there come certain traitors to the said Provost's house, wherein was our sovereign's husband Henrie, and ane servant of his, callit William Taylour, lying in their nakit beds; and there privily with wrang keys opnit the doors, and come in upon the said prince, and there without mercy wyrriet [strangled] him and his servant in their beds; and thereafter took him and his servant furth of the house and cast him nakit in ane yard beyond the thief raw, and syne come to the house again and blew the house in the air, so that there remainit not ane stane upon aneuther undestroyit." This narrative is taken from the "Diurnal of Occurrents;" Robert Birrel has another version: "The house was raised up from the ground with powder; the King's chamberman, named John Taylor, was found with him lying in ane yard dead under ane tree; and the King, if he had not been cruelly werriet with his ain garters, after he fell out of the air, he had lived." The wretches who were engaged in the business appear to have lost their heads, and the precise manner in which Darnley met his death is not certainly known. The streets were deserted; the citizens were in bed; even in the palace the masque was over, and the lights were out. Only in the lodging of the Archbishop of St. Andrews a lamp had been burning all night — so those in the higher parts of the town declared — until, on the explosion, it was suddenly extinguished. The archbishop lived close to the Kirk o' Field, and Buchanan suggests that he was watching — well knowing what was on hand.

At what particular moment Bothwell was induced to raise his eyes to the queen

it is not now easy to ascertain. Buchanan alleges that they had long been on terms of criminal familiarity; and that Mary's partiality for the lusty Borderer was notorious. The evidence, however, is all the other way, — until after Darnley's death there is not a scrap of writing showing that such an impression prevailed. The legend was of later growth, and with much else may be traced to the industrious animosity of the man who had been her pensioner, and who at the close of the year which according to his view had been spent in the shameless gratification of unlawful passion — "They seemed to fear nothing more than that their wickedness should be unknown" — had celebrated her virtues in choice Latin. The air, however, was thick with rumors of treachery, and once, or more than once, Mary had been warned that the earl intended to carry her off. She treated the warnings with characteristic impatience, refusing to believe that a faithful servant of the crown could so readily forget his duty to his mistress. There can be little doubt that even before the meeting of the Parliament in April, the great Border chief had been in communication with several of the leading nobility on the subject of the queen's marriage. A few of the honestest of their number appear to have been startled by the man's presumption; but the rest either openly approved or silently acquiesced. Such a plot was of course very welcome to the faction which traded on the dishonor of the queen. The least clear-headed among them could not fail to perceive that were Mary forced into a union with Bothwell, her authority would be at an end.

Bothwell was tried for the murder on the 12th of April, and on the evening of the 19th the memorable supper at Ainslie's tavern took place. The supper appears to have been attended by all the influential members of the Parliament, which on that day closed its sittings. After supper, Bothwell laid before the assembled peers a paper which he asked them to sign. The peers, with the exception of Lord Eglington, who "slipped away," complied with the request; and men like Argyll, Huntly, Cassilis, Morton, Boyd, Seton, Semple, and Herries at-

tached their names to a "band," by which they engaged to the utmost of their power to promote a marriage between Bothwell and the queen. It is difficult to fathom the motives which could have induced so many powerful nobles to approve a marriage which in their hearts they detested; but Mr. Froude is certainly not far wrong when he suggests that several at least appended their signatures in deliberate treachery to tempt the queen to ruin.

Two days afterwards Mary went to Stirling. On her return she was seized by Bothwell, and carried off—with or without her consent—to Dunbar. When they reached the castle, the true object of the "ravishment" was disclosed. Her tears and reproaches—this is her own story, which may be held to be attested by Maitland—were thrown away upon her captor, who, after she had treated his audacious proposition with indignation, produced the "band" which the nobility had signed. She was kept for a week a close prisoner. During all that time no hand was raised to set her free. At length, after actual violence had been used, she consented to become his wife.

It was on the 15th of May that the marriage was celebrated. "And that same day this pamphlet was attached upon the palace port,—*Mense malas Maio nubere vulgus ait.*" The nobles who had lured Hepburn on were already mustering their vassals, and on the 7th of June the queen and her husband were forced to quit the palace and make for Borthwick. But they were surrounded before they had had time to rest, and it was with the utmost difficulty that, eluding the pursuers, they managed to reach Dunbar. On the 15th June the forces of the queen and of the confederate lords faced each other all day at Carberry Hill. There was no fighting, however; an agreement having been concluded by which Bothwell was discreetly permitted to take himself away to Dunbar (thence to Orkney, Shetland, and the Norwegian seas), Mary returning to Edinburgh with the men who, as they professed, had risen to release her from her ravisher, but who treated her—now that she was in their hands—with studied rudeness and insults which had been carefully rehearsed. They made it plain to her from the first that their anxiety for her welfare had been feigned; and two days later they sent her to the prison on the inch of Lochleven which had been prepared for her reception by Moray when the Darnley marriage was in prospect.

Divested of all extraneous matter these

are the uncontradicted facts; how are these facts to be construed, in what sense are they to be read? Ever since the tragic story took place, there have been two factions who have found no difficulties in the way of a definite judgment. On the one hand, it has been maintained (and is still maintained by the ecclesiastics who are about to canonize her at Rome) that Mary was innocent as a child, immaculate as a saint; on the other, that she had sinned as perhaps no other woman had sinned, and that the mistress of Bothwell was the murderer of Darnley.

It rather appears to me that no decisive conclusion is now possible, and that anything like dogmatism is to be avoided. My own impression is that either explanation is too simple and complete to be accepted as an entirely adequate solution of an extremely obscure and intricate problem. I would be inclined to say that there is a grain of truth in each; the whole truth in neither. While it must be freely acknowledged that Mary was rash and indiscreet to the verge of criminality, it may yet admit of reasonable doubt whether the graver charges preferred against her by the ruling party in Scotland have been, or are capable of being, substantiated.

The interpretation which consistently reconciles all, or most of, the facts known to us, is that which rational criticism will prefer to accept. Such reconciliation will help to recommend to those who have no antipathies or predilections to gratify, that interpretation of Mary's actions at this time which I have elsewhere ventured to propose. Those who agree with me will hold that Mary was not entirely unaware of the measures which were being taken by the nobility to secure in one way or other the removal of Darnley; that if she did not expressly sanction the enterprise, she failed, firmly and promptly, to forbid its execution; that though she hesitated to the last between pity and aversion, yet that what amounted to, or what may at least be characterized as, passive acquiescence, was sufficient to compromise her; that the equivocal position in which she found herself placed, either by accident or by design, sufficiently explains whatever in her subsequent conduct is wanting in firmness and dignity; that as the plot proceeded, Bothwell came to the front, and that to his daring and reckless hand the execution of the informal sentence of the peers was ultimately intrusted; that he induced the nobles who had been his accomplices to promote his suit to the queen, and that for various reasons, good,

bad, and indifferent, "the best part of the realm did approve it, either by flattery or by their silence;" that in accepting Bothwell, Mary could not be accounted a free agent,—her health was impaired, her spirit was broken, she had been imprudent, and her indiscretions could be used against her with fatal effect, while (Lethington excepted) she had no friend beside her on whose disinterested counsel she could rely; that she struggled against the indirect compulsion of circumstances, and the direct pressure that was brought to bear upon her, as best she could, declining to consent to a ruinous union until actual force had been used; and that thereafter, there being no other "outgait," she submitted with a heavy heart and grievous misgivings to the inevitable.

That this was the view taken by the nobles themselves, when they rose to deliver her from Bothwell, and that the plea of guilty love and guilty knowledge was an *afterthought* which was not put forward until the fanatical party, which had been persistently and obstinately disloyal, had got the upper hand, and had determined, in the name of the infant prince, to seize the government and dethrone the queen, cannot well be denied. Indeed the strongest argument in favor of the view that Mary's conduct in relation to Bothwell is susceptible of an innocent construction is furnished by the admissions of the lords themselves. Their earliest contention was that Mary had been coerced into the marriage by Bothwell, and that they had risen to free her from her ravisher. This position was abandoned, and then they maintained that facts *notorious to all the world* were sufficient to convict her of having conspired with her paramour. Later on, however, it became clear to them that the indictment would break down if it was not otherwise established. It was then, and not till then—not indeed till Elizabeth had assured them that the proof of guilty complicity was ridiculously inadequate—that certain letters which they said were written by Mary were reluctantly produced. If these letters were genuine—love-letters addressed by Mary Stuart to James Hepburn—there can be no reasonable doubt of her guilt. They prove that she was "bewitched" by Bothwell, and that under the spell of an unaccountable infatuation she encouraged her lover to murder her husband. But if they were *not* genuine—what then? Their genuineness will be discussed elsewhere; at present all that I need say is, that if it can be shown that they were manufactured,

and manufactured by the lords themselves, the fraud is absolutely fatal. It is not merely that the letters cease to be evidence against Mary; they become evidence of the most damning kind against those who used them. Mary may have been in love with Bothwell or she may not. Upon the facts presented by the historian the judgment remains in suspense. We cannot positively affirm that she was or that she was not. But if those who accuse her proceed to produce as proof of their case love-letters which it is plain that Mary did not write, then the inevitable conclusion is that Mary was *not* in love with Bothwell. Had she been in love with Bothwell, or (which is the same thing for my present purpose) had there been any proof that she was in love with Bothwell, the services of the forger would not have been required. The person who pleads but fails to prove an *alibi* is pretty certain to be convicted. Had he remained passive, had he stood simply on the defensive, he might have escaped. But when he avers that he was at a place where it is proved that he was not, the jury will not unreasonably conclude that he was at the place where he avers that he was not. Whenever the casket letters are discredited, we are logically compelled not only to reject the casket letters themselves, but to place that construction upon the admitted facts which is consistent with the innocence of the queen.

Nor can it be disputed that many of the allegations against Mary which were at one time urged, with what appeared overwhelming force, have been deprived by more recent investigation and keener criticism of not a little of their weight. That the criminal relations between Mary and Bothwell were notorious for months before the murder (the fact being that there is no suggestion in any contemporary document of improper or unusual intimacy, and that, on the contrary, the prudence and wisdom of her conduct up to the day of the murder are warmly commended by those who were nearest to her at the time); that immediately on her recovery from her confinement she went to Alloa with a crew of "pirates," of whom Bothwell was the captain (the fact being that she was accompanied by her brother and the chief nobles of her court); that whenever she heard of Bothwell's wound she flew to Hermitage Castle like a distracted mistress (the fact being that she did not visit Hermitage, again in the company of her brother, until she had held the assizes at Jedburgh, and until Bothwell was out of danger—ten or

twelve days after she had first heard of the accident); that whenever Darnley was murdered, casting aside all decent restraint, she went to Seton to amuse herself at the butts with her lover (the fact being that she went to Seton by the advice of her physician for change of air, leaving Bothwell and Huntly in Edinburgh to keep the prince till her return); that she was eager for the marriage, and hurried it on with unseemly haste (the fact being that on the very day of the ceremony she was found weeping bitterly and praying only for death),—these and similar calumnies have been conclusively and finally silenced. The future historian of this period must eliminate from his narrative the gross and grotesque adventures, which appear to have been invented, or at least *adapted*, by Buchanan, whose virulent animosities were utterly unscrupulous, and whose clumsy invective was as bitter as it was pedantic. The extravagant perversion of fact, which makes the philippic against Mary a monument of bad faith, is mildly censured by Mr. Burton, who is constrained to admit that "in the Detection a number of incredible charges are heaped up." "The great scholar and poet," we are told, "may have known politics on a large scale, but he was not versed in the intricacies of the human heart." The apology is somewhat lame. Buchanan must have been aware that he was calumniating the queen; and the explanation that the tirade followed "the grand forms of ancient classical denunciation," is hardly an excuse for wilful lying.

Much of the reasoning, many of the arguments, moreover, to which we have been used, cease to affect the mind, whenever it is freely admitted that Mary could not have been ignorant that the peers of Scotland were leagued against her husband. If Mary was not the accomplice of Bothwell—it has been asked, for instance—why did she fail to prosecute and punish the murderers? It may be admitted that no resolute effort was made to secure their punishment; but the reason is obvious. The Privy Council was the Scottish executive; and every lord of the council was more or less compromised. Even had Mary been anxious to bring the assassins to justice, it would have been madness, as matters stood, to make the attempt. The trial of Bothwell was forced upon a reluctant Council by the importunities of Lennox, and the acquittal was a matter of form. Still, in all this, there is no evidence of that criminal complicity

with a *lover* which is the sting of the accusation against the queen.

I return to Maitland.

During the six months that followed the Craigmillar conference, Lethington's position may be defined without difficulty. He had come to the conclusion that Darnley must be removed,—the "young fool and presumptuous tyrant" had made himself impossible, had united all parties against him, had alienated the queen and disgusted the nobles. But we may feel perfectly certain that Maitland at least was far from eager to put Bothwell in Darnley's place. Had he had any suspicions indeed that Bothwell aspired to the crown, had he had any suspicions that Bothwell was favored by Mary, he would probably have concluded that Darnley, as the lesser evil, might be allowed to remain. Peace had been patched up between the secretary and Bothwell; but the truce was hollow. The hostility of the fanatical Reformers had not abated; Mary had hitherto parried with success the weapons that had been directed against her by Knox and Cecil, by Morton and Moray; but if she could be *compromised*, if, for instance, she could be forced into an unworthy and dishonoring marriage, the object for which they had so pertinaciously plotted might be attained. Knox, could he have had his way, would have put Mary to death without scruple; the laymen were less sanguinary; but—now that a prince was born—they might at least compel her to abdicate. James VI., like James IV., could be used as a buckler by the disaffected nobles and the fanatical professors. They could play the son against the mother, as they had already played the husband against the wife. The young prince, indeed, was in one view a surer card than Darnley. There was no risk that an infant in arms would turn against them as Darnley had turned. Maitland, as we shall see, lent himself to neither faction. He detested Bothwell; he distrusted Knox; whereas he was devoted to Mary; and to Mary he steadily adhered.

Whenever Maitland's peace, in the autumn of 1566, was made with Mary, the relations of the queens again became cordial, or at least assumed a show of cordiality. On 4th October he wrote to Cecil, urging him to use all such good offices as he was wont to use for the joining of the realms in perfect amity; and this letter was followed next day by one from Mary herself, in which she assured Cecil that until the affair of Rokeby the spy she had

always had a good opinion of him as a faithful minister; and that, as he had now recovered his old place in her good-will, she would be glad to see him at the baptism of the prince, her son. Maitland went with her to Jedburgh in October, from whence he wrote more than once to Cecil and Beaton, describing the symptoms of her dangerous illness. A curious letter, dated from Home Castle in the Merse, has been preserved, in which he tells the English secretary that his own experience of backbiters makes him marvel less at the misconstruction of Cecil's doings. From Home the court moved to Whittinghame, and from there to Craigmillar, — where, as we have seen, the famous conference of the nobles took place. Mary, attended by Maitland, left Craigmillar for Holyrood on 5th December, — remaining in the capital till the 10th; and then, "though not quite recovered," proceeded to Stirling for the baptism of the prince. Camden alleged that Darnley was not present at the baptism, as the English ambassador had received instructions from Elizabeth not to recognize him in any way — an assertion which Robertson and later writers have attempted to controvert. It is to be observed, however, that in Nau's recently published narrative the same reason for Darnley's absence is assigned: "The King was not present at the baptism, for he refused to associate with the English unless they would acknowledge his title of King, and to do this they had been forbidden by the Queen of England, their mistress."

The baptism was hardly over before Maitland's influence was exerted to obtain Morton's pardon (which Mary granted with her usual generous facility); and early in 1567 this powerful and dangerous noble was again in Scotland. It was at this time also that Maitland's persistent wooing was crowned with success; in January — in the chapel royal at Stirling — he was married to Mary Fleming. The queen had threatened to interrupt his honeymoon by sending him on a mission to England; but he excused himself on the plea that it was unreasonable to divorce him from the young wife to whom he had been so recently united. Some time during January, either before or after his marriage, he went with Bothwell to Whittinghame, where Morton was residing with his near relative, Archibald Douglas. Hitherto Bothwell and Morton had been the leaders of hostile factions, and it was probably thought desirable that Bothwell should be accompanied by one of Morton's

friends. But Maitland does not appear to have been present during the interview at which, as Morton afterwards admitted in his confession, the murder of Darnley was discussed. Archibald Douglas was "in the yarde;" but no one else. "In the yarde of Whittinghame, after long communing, the Earl of Bothwell proposed to me the purpose of the King's murther, requiring what would be my part thereunto, seeing it was the Queen's mind that the King should be tane away; because, as he said, she blamed the King mair of Davie's slaughter than me. My answer to the Earl Bothwell at that time was this; that I would not in any ways meddle with that matter, and that for this cause, — 'Because I am but newlie come out of a new trouble, whereof as yet I am not redd; being forbidden to come near the Court by seven miles; and therefore I cannot enter myself in sic a new trouble again.' After this answer, Mr. Archibald Douglas entered in conference with me, persuading me to agree with the Earl Bothwell. Last of all, the Earl Bothwell yet being in Whittinghame, earnestly proposed the same matter to me again, persuading me thereunto, because the Queen would have it to be done. Unto this my answer was: I desired the Earl Bothwell to bring the Queen's handwrite to me for a warrant, and then I should give him an answer; otherwise I wud not meddle therewith. The quhilk warrant he never reported unto me." Maitland's name, it will be observed, is not introduced; and I am not acquainted with any other evidence that directly connects him with the murder. He knew, no doubt, as Mary knew, that Darnley's removal had been resolved on by the peers; but it would rather appear that he had not been apprised of the singular plan of campaign devised by Bothwell. The three rode back to Edinburgh — Lethington, Bothwell, and Archibald Douglas; and soon after reaching Holyrood — if Douglas can be believed — he was directed by Lethington to return to Whittinghame, and inform Morton that the queen would receive no speech of the matter appointed unto him, — "which answer, as God shall be my judge, was no other than these words: 'Schaw to the Earl Morton that the Queen will hear no speech of that matter appointed unto him.'" "And when I cravit" — he continues — "that the answer might be made more sensible [explicit], Secretary Ledington said that the Earl would sufficiently understand it."

The murder was quickly followed by

the farce of Bothwell's trial, by the meeting of Mary's last Parliament, by the supper at Ainslie's tavern. Bothwell was playing for high stakes; he could not afford to wait; the least delay would have been fatal to the enterprise on which he had ventured. The capital was feverish and excited; the sense of the coming calamity was in the air. Omens were not wanting; the higher powers, it was remarked afterwards, watched the development of the plot with interest. "During the journey a raven continually accompanied them from Glasgow to Edinburgh, where it frequently remained perched on the late king's lodging, and sometimes on the castle. But on the day before his death, it croaked for a very long time upon the house." "The Castle of Edinburgh was rendered to Cockburn of Skirling by the queen's command. The same day there raise ane vehement tempest of winde, which blew a very great ship out of the rade of Leith, and sic like blew the tail from the cock which stands on the top of the steeple away from it; so the old prophecy came true, —

When Skirling shall be capitaine,
The cock shall want his tail."

One man only of those about the queen did not lose his head. No portent was needed to assure Maitland that unless Mary could escape from the trap that had been set for her, disaster was imminent. He steadily opposed the Bothwell marriage. "The best part of the realm did approve it either by flattery or by their silence;" but Maitland, with hardly an ally, ventured to speak his mind freely. Almost every man of political repute in Scotland signed the bond which recommended Bothwell, as a fit husband, to the queen; but Maitland's name was not attached. The earl resented the secretary's pertinacious opposition; and as it was well known that he was not the man to stick at trifles, it was more than once rumored that Maitland's life had been threatened. He was in Mary's train when, on "St. Mark's even," she was taken by Bothwell at the Almond Bridge. Whether Mary was privy to the "ravishment" will never be known with certainty; Melville, who was also with her, writing in his old age, declared that Captain Blackadder, who had taken him, alleged that it was done with the queen's own consent. This avowal (which is not quite consistent, it may be observed, with Bothwell's "boast," in the sentence immediately preceding, that he would marry the queen, "who

would or who would not: *yea, whether she would herself or not*") — this avowal has been accepted somewhat hastily as conclusive proof against Mary; the truth being that as evidence it is positively worthless; for it may be safely assumed that Bothwell would in any event have assured his followers that the queen's consent had been obtained, and that neither resistance nor punishment need be apprehended.

Maitland was carried with Mary to Dunbar, where Bothwell's will was law; and there can be no doubt that for some time thereafter he was in constant peril. Had it not been for Mary's intervention, indeed, it is more than probable that he would have been put to death by his reckless jailer before he had been an hour in the castle. The rumor that had reached Edinburgh thus appears to have had some ground in fact. "Upon the same day it was alleged that it was devisit that William Maitland, younger of Lethington, Secretaire to our Sovereign Lady, being in her companie, suld have been slain." When they reached Dunbar both Bothwell and Huntly turned upon Maitland. The queen threw herself between them. She told Huntly that if a hair of Lethington's head did perish, she would cause him to forfeit lands and goods and lose his life. One virtue, if one only, Mary had, — nothing, apparently, could shake her steadfast loyalty to her friends.

Drury's letter, from which these particulars are gleaned, shows that Maitland had taken measures, if his life was again in imminent peril, to escape from the court. It proves, moreover, that the scheme of using the son against the mother had taken shape at an earlier period than is commonly supposed, and that the motives of the Archbishop of St. Andrews in favoring the marriage had been already surmised. Drury was an inveterate gossip, and the political scandal in his letters is often quite unreliable; but on this occasion his information with regard to the position of parties in Scotland a week before the marriage appears to have been obtained from persons who could speak with authority.

"It may please your Honour to be advertised that my last advertisement concerning the determination of the Lords at Stirling to crown the Prince is true, and also that they mean to deal with the Queen to put away the soldiers, and be better accompanied of her nobility. Otherwise unless she write unto them, or they see writings confirmed with her hand, they

will not credit them, but believe that she has been forced, and will defend the Prince and maintain the nobility and liberties of their country. This morning a gentleman of very good credit desired to speak with me secretly in the bounds, which I answered, and met with him. He showed me among the rest a letter sent from the dearest friend that the Lord of Lethington hath, requiring him to advertise me of his great desire to speak with your Honour (by letters till you may do otherwise) concerning those matters that doth concern the service of the Queen's Majesty. He also sends me word that the Queen for certain will marry the Earl Bothwell; whom he says he knows to be a great enemy unto the Queen's Majesty and to her country. Also he advertises me that he minded this night past to escape from the danger he is in and presently to repair to the Lords at Stirling. He meant once to have come to Fast Castle, but altered. He means to escape by this means. He will come out to shoot with the others, for so far he has liberty, having a guard with him, and between the marks, riding upon a good nag will haste himself to a place appointed where both a fresh horse and company tarry for him. He should have been slain the first night of the Queen's last coming to Dunbar. Huntly should have been at the execution, to whom the Queen said if a hair of his head did perish, she would cause him to forfeit his lands and goods and lose his life. The cause why of late he was supposed to be Bothwell's was for certain letters he wrote to the Earl of Athol and others—to which he was compelled; but, by a trusty messenger, he did advise to which of his writings they should not give credit. It is expected she will presently send for the nobility to come to the marriage, and that she means to levy both horsemen and footmen, which if she doth the Lords mean also to gather. It is judged the Bishop of St. Andrews encourages the Queen and Bothwell in this manner to proceed, not for any goodwill to either of them, but for both their destructions, the rather to bring his friends to their purpose. The Lord of Ledington hath earnestly requested me to convey his message unto your Lordship (affirming that therein I shall do the Queen good service), and that your Honour would let her Highness know he had that to say that would conserve the benefit of both the realms. It is thought by others that after he hath been with the Lords he may have cause to repair to your court."

Even when it became clear to Maitland that, after what had occurred, the marriage could not be prevented, and that the part he had taken against it had converted Bothwell into a bitter enemy, he remained at the queen's side. He did his best to smooth the thorny path on which, willingly or unwillingly, she had entered. Mary's instructions to her ambassadors, in which she explains the enormous difficulties by which she had been beset, are understood to have been drawn by Maitland. The key in which they are pitched is studiously moderate. The queen had been badly treated by her powerful subject; but she was now content to accept the choice of her nobles, and to make the best of a bad business. Bothwell's earlier history having been passed in review, surprise is expressed that a noble who had proved himself so uniformly loyal should have ventured to intrigue against her. Before, however, he had even "afar off" begun to discover his intentions to herself, he had obtained from the assembled Estates their consent to the marriage; and thereafter, finding that the queen would not listen to his suit, he had forcibly carried her to Dunbar. There, after having again rejected him, she was shown the bond signed by the nobles upon whose counsel and fidelity she had before depended. "Many things we revolved with ourself, but never could find one outgait." Having at length extorted an unwilling consent, the earl resolving "either to tine all in an hour, or to bring to pass that thing he had taken in hand," insisted on an immediate marriage. "So ceased he never, till by persuasions and importunate suit, accompanied not the less by force, he has finally driven us to end the work begun at sic time and in sic forme as he thocht might best serve his turn, wherein we cannot dissemble that he has used us otherways than we have deservit at his hand. But now," she concludes, "since it is past, and cannot be brought back again, we will mak the best of it."

Maitland was one of the last of Mary's friends to leave the court; but the savage violence of Bothwell ultimately exhausted his patience. Athol was already in arms, and he stole away to Athol. "Not long after," Melville says, "the Earl of Bothwell thought to have slain him in the Queen's chamber, had not her Majesty come betwixt and saved him; but he fled *next day*, and tarried with the Earl of Athol." Melville's memory sometimes played him false; but there is other evidence to the same effect. "Upon the

5th June," according to the contemporary chronicle, "the Secretaire, suspectand his life, left our souveraine lady and the Court, and departit to the Callendar." A few days later he wrote to Cecil:—

"SIR, — The reverence and affection I have ever borne to the Queen my mistress hath been the occasion to stay me so long in company with the Earl of Bothwell at the court, — as my life hath every day been in danger since he began to aspire to any grandeur, besides the hazard of my reputation in the sight of men of honour, who did think it in me no small spot that, by my countenance and remaining in company with him, I should appear to favor such a man as he is esteemed to be. At length, finding the best part of the nobility resolved to look narrowly to his doings, and being by them required, I would not refuse to join me to them in so just and reasonable a cause, the ground whereof the bearer and Mr. Melville can report unto you at length. I pray you that by your means we may find the Queen's Majesty's favorable allowance of our proceedings, and in case of need that we may be comforted by her support to further the execution of justice against such as shall be found guilty of an abominable murder, perpetrated on the person of one who had the honor to be of her Majesty's blood. If in the beginning it would please her Majesty to aid these noblemen with some small sums of money to the levying of a number of harquebusiers, it would in my opinion make a short and sudden end of the enterprise, whereunto I pray you put your helping hand. I will not trouble you with many words for lack of leisure, by reason of the bearer's sudden despatch. And so I take my leave of you. From Edinburgh, the 21st of June, 1567. Your Honour's at commandment,

"W. MAITLAND."

It has been alleged by his enemies that Maitland, deserting Mary as he had deserted her mother, went over to the faction which had risen against her. It is a serious accusation, and requires to be seriously examined.

It was undoubtedly the general opinion at the time that the queen had been, and was being, roughly handled by Bothwell. "I plainly refused to proclaim them," Craig said in his defence to the Assembly, "because I had not her hand write; and also because of the constant bruit [rumor] that the lord had both ravished her and kept her in captivity." "When I returned to Edinburgh," Melville says, "I dealt with

Sir James Balfour not to part with the Castle, whereby he might be an instrument to save the Prince and the Queen, who was disdainfully handled, and with such reproachful language, that in presence of Arthur Erskine I heard her ask for a knife to stab herself; or else — said she — I shall drown myself." "Many of those who were with her," he adds, "were of opinion that she had intelligence with the Lords, especially such as were informed of the many indignities put upon her by the Earl of Bothwell since their marriage. He was so beastly and suspicious that he suffered her not to pass one day in patience, without making her shed abundance of tears." It was consequently believed by many that "her Majesty would fain have been quit of him, but thought shame to be the doer thereof directly herself." "I perceived," Le Croc wrote, on the evening of her marriage-day, "a strange formality between her and her husband, which she begged me to excuse, saying that if I saw her sad, it was because she did not wish to be happy, as she said she never could be, wishing only for death. Yesterday, being all alone in a closet with the Earl Bothwell, she called aloud for them to give her a knife to kill herself with. Those who were in the room adjoining the closet heard her." It was alleged at the time that Bothwell cared so little for the queen that even after the divorce Lady Jean Gordon continued to reside with him as his wife; and in the Holyrood "interior" under the Bothwell régime, which Sir James Melville has preserved for us, the rude force and insolvent masterfulness of the truculent Borderer are portrayed with consummate, if unconscious, art. "I found my lord Duke of Orkney sitting at his supper, who welcomed me, saying, I had been a great stranger, desiring me to sit down and sup with him. I said I had already supped; then he called for a cup of wine and drank to me, saying, 'You had need grow fatter, for,' says he, 'the zeal of the commonwealth hath eaten you up, and made you lean.' I answered that every little member should serve for some use, but the care of the commonwealth appertained most to him, and the rest of the nobility, who should be as fathers of the same. 'I knew well,' says he, 'he would find a pin for every bore.' Then he fell in discoursing with the gentlewomen, speaking such filthy language, that they and I left him, and went up to the Queen." The lords themselves declared that both before and after her marriage Mary was

virtually deprived of her liberty; Bothwell, they asserted, "kept her environed with a perpetual guard of two hundred harquebussiers, as well day and night, wherever she went," admitting few or none to her speech; "for his suspicious heart, brought in fear by the testimony of an evil conscience, would not suffer her subjects to have access to her Majesty, as they were wont to do." Had they not risen, what, they inquired, would have been the end? Bothwell would have made away with Mary as he had made away with Darnley, and the other wife that he maintained "at home in his house" would have been put in her place.

It is unnecessary to adduce further evidence; it is clear that from the day Mary was taken to Dunbar she was shamefully "mishandled," and that her misery was great. Bothwell's head had been turned by his success, and all the evil elements in his brutal nature had come to the top. It must be difficult, one would suppose, for those who have carefully followed the narrative of Mary's sufferings at this time, to hold that she was a willing victim. When it is pointed out, however, that even on the day of her marriage she was weeping sorely and longing only for death, we are reminded that she was "overmastered by an imperious infatuation,"—a sweeping and somewhat singular apology.

These were the scenes which were being enacted at Holyrood when Maitland stole away from the court to join the nobles who were arming their vassals. The two parties—conservative and radical, Catholic and Calvinist—had by this time coalesced. The faction which had been persistently disloyal were first in the field; but they had latterly been joined by many of the nobles who were personally attached to the queen. There can be little doubt that the irreconcilables had been sedulously preparing for the crisis which they had helped to accelerate (how far, by flattering his ambition, they had tempted Bothwell to aspire, how far, by forcing her into an anomalous and untenable position, they had tempted Mary to comply, cannot perhaps be precisely known; but that there had been a world of double-dealing is clearly proved); and that they hoped to turn it to their own advantage. But the ostensible object of the rising was to deliver the queen from Bothwell; and unless this plea had been put forward, no alliance with the loyalists would have been practicable. When the pretence succeeded, and when men like Athol and

Argyll and Maitland were found in their ranks, it became all the more necessary to disguise in the mean time their real design. I entertain no doubt that a government, of which, either as king or regent, Moray should be head, had been long in contemplation; and Moray was thought to have purposely left the country before the marriage, in order that his partisans might have a freer hand in dealing with his sister. But this was a dead secret as yet; Morton and Lindsay and Glencairn and Grange were in arms, not to subvert the government, but to release the queen; and it was on this understanding that they were joined by Maitland.

It is important (not for Maitland's consistency only) that on this point there should be no misunderstanding; and, as it happens, the evidence is conclusive. Robert Melville, writing to Cecil in the beginning of May—a week before the marriage—informed him that the lords were ready to take the field. "Since the Earl Bothwell did carry the Queen's Majesty violently to Dunbar, where she is judged to be detained without her own liberty, and against her will, divers noblemen—yea, the most part of the whole subjects of the realm—are very discontent therewith, and apparently will not bear it. The truth is, when she was first carried to Dunbar by him, the Earl of Huntly and my Lord of Ledington were taken as prisoners, and my brother James, with divers other domestic servants; and her Majesty commanded some of her company to pass to Edinburgh and charge the town to be in armour for her rescue. Quhilk they incontinent obeyit, and past without their ports upon foot, but could not help; quhilk shame done by a subject to our Sovereign offends the whole realm." (Melville, it will be observed, confirms the statement in the "Diurnal," that the news of the ravishing of her Majesty having been brought to the provost of Edinburgh, "incontinent the common bell rang, and the inhabitants thereof ran to armour and wappynnis, the portes was steekit, the artillery of the castle shot.") "And it appears both Papist and Protestant joins together with an earnest affection for the weill of their country. The said Lords are gone to their counties to assemble their friends together with sic expedition as they may." The proclamation issued by the Privy Council on 6th June (on the preamble that the queen's Majesty's most noble person is and has been for a long space detained in captivity and thralldom), goes on to declare that the nobility have

assembled to deliver her from bondage and captivity. Again, in the proclamation of 12th June, it is stated that James, Earl Bothwell, having, on the 24th April, put violent hands on our sovereign lady's most noble person, and having since then detained her in captivity, the lords have risen to deliver her from her prison. In the minutes of June 16, June 21, June 26, July 7, July 9, and August 11, the same plea is repeated, — the peers had pursued and were pursuing Bothwell for having laid violent hands upon the queen. It will be observed that most of these minutes are of later date than Carberry; so that even after Mary had been sent to Lochleven, the nobles (in whose counsels by this time Morton had acquired a commanding influence) did not venture to imply that she was Bothwell's accomplice. The pretence on which she was sent to Lochleven (*viz.*, that she had refused to abandon Bothwell) will be afterwards examined; what I am at present concerned to show is, that the nobles, when Maitland joined them, were in arms, not against Mary, but against Bothwell, her jailer.

It is difficult indeed to read the proclamations of the lords with patience. They were written by the men who had plotted against the queen. They were written by the men who were the accomplices of Bothwell. The declaration that they had risen to release Mary was ridiculous pretence; the declaration that they had risen to revenge Darnley was odious hypocrisy. I speak, of course, of the faction which Morton led. There were men in the ranks of the confederate lords from an early period who were the true friends of Mary Stuart; later on these were joined by Maitland. But in so far as the Moray-Morton faction had a hand in its production, the defence of their policy which is contained in the public records is grotesquely insincere and transparently false.

Maitland at least was for the queen. It was Bothwell who drove him from the court; it was to rid the queen of Bothwell that he joined the lords. He had been with her throughout the whole dismal business; he had witnessed her humiliations; he had listened to her complaints; yet this acute and observant diplomatist, who had enjoyed the closest intimacy with his mistress, had obviously failed to discover any indications of that overpowering passion which, as was afterwards alleged, had driven her into Bothwell's arms. "Maitland, in proportion as he favored the Queen's interest, hated Both-

well as a perfidious villain, from whom his own life was in danger." "Sir William Matlane had joined himself before to the Lords for hatred of Bothwell. Now being rid of him he writeth to the Queen offering his service; sheweth how it might stand her in good stead by the apologue of the mouse delivering the lion taken in the nets." The testimony of Melville, Herries, Nau, and other contemporary writers, is to the same effect; Maitland was not a traitor; though he left the court he did not desert the queen. "He only sought to rescue her from Bothwell," Throckmorton, to whose interesting letters I must refer at greater length immediately, was sent by Elizabeth to Scotland to remonstrate with the lords, and at Fast Castle he was met by Maitland. Maitland was for Mary, Throckmorton emphatically declared, but he added despondently, "God knows he is fortified with very slender company in this opinion."

In one respect Throckmorton was mistaken. The lords, indeed, would have had him believe that Mary was hated by the people, who were eager for her execution. So far as the Knoxian fanatics and the rabble of the capital were concerned, this was possibly true enough. Throckmorton mentions that the Ecclesiastical Convention was again in session; and it was from the lips of these austere zealots that the sentence of death proceeded. Knox himself, it need not be doubted, would, with the zest of a Hebrew prophet, have hewed the idolatress in pieces before the Lord. But the Knoxian fanatics and the rabble of the capital were not the people of Scotland. This is the mistake that so many modern historians have made, — they have confounded the nation at large with an active and organized minority. To do them justice, Knox and his allies did not deny that they were the minority; on the contrary, they gloried in their numerical inferiority. The Lord was on their side; it mattered not who was against them. Knox never wearied of repeating that the most part of men were addicted to idolatry. Edinburgh was the stronghold of the precise Protestants; but when it was proposed to take a plebiscite of the citizens as to what form of religion should be provisionally established, "the hail brethren of the Congregation within this town" vehemently objected. They could not consent, they said, that "God's truth should be subject to voting of man;" "for it is na new thing

but mair nor notour that fra the beginning of the wide world to this day, and even now in all countries and touns, the maist part of men has ever been against God and His house." In a pastoral letter, written by Knox after Mary had escaped from Lochleven, he expressed his deep regret that they had not put her to death when she was in their hands. The danger would not have been great, he added, "for although in number the wicked might have exceeded the faithful," yet "the little flock" would have been as victorious as in former contests. So that it is a mistake to assume that in July, 1567, the nation was hostile to Mary. The mass of the people had been taken unawares; they believed the lords when they declared that they were fighting for the queen; and before the fraud was discovered the mischief was done. The confederates at Carberry, to use a familiar phrase, won by a fluke. It is universally admitted that had the queen remained at Dunbar, "could she have had patience to stay at Dunbar for three or four days without any stir," the lords would have dispersed. "The people did not join as was expected;" the leaders were divided; some were adversaries, some were neutrals; "so that they were even thinking to dissolve, and leave off their enterprise to another time, and had absolutely done so." That is Knox's admission; Buchanan's is even more unqualified. "Wherefore the ardour of the people having subsided, perceiving no likelihood of their rising being successful, and almost reduced to extremity, they already deliberated about dispersing without accomplishing their design." But a fatal imprudence brought Mary to Carberry Hill. Yet in spite of calumny and calamity, the sympathy of the people could not be restrained. The tide, if it had ever run against her, suddenly turned. The Lords could not count even upon the Edinburgh rabble; for the democracy of the capital was as fickle as it was fierce. The narrative of the events that immediately followed Carberry, as given in the "Historie of King James the Sext," is extremely instructive. "She being credulous rendered herself willingly to the lords; who irreverently brought her into Edinburgh about seven hours at even, and keepit her straightly within the Provost's lodging in the chief street; and on the morn fixit a white banner in her sight, wherein was painted the effigy of King Henry her husband, lying deed at the root

of a green growing tree, and the picture of the young Prince sitting on his knees with his hands and countenance toward heaven, with this inscription, *Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord!* This sight greivit her greatumlie, and therefore she burst forth exceeding tears, with exclamation against these Lords wha held her in captivity, crying to the people for Christ's cause to relieve her from the hands of these tyrants. The people of the town convenit to her in great number, and perceiving her so afflicted in mind had pitie and compassion of her estait. The Lords perceiving that, came unto her with dissimulat countenance, with reverence and fair speeches, and said that their intention was noways to thrall her, and therefore immediately would repon her with freedom to her ain palace of Halyruidhouse, to do as she list; whereby she was so pacified as the people willingly departed; And on the next evening, to colour their pretences, conveyed her to the palace, and then assembled themselves in counsel to advise what should be thought best to be done; And it was decernit, that immediately she should be transported to the fortalice of Lochleven, and there to be detenit in captivity during her life, and constraunt to transfer the authority of her Crown from her person to the young Prince her son; to the end that they might rule as they listed, without any controul of lawful authority; whilk continued for many years." The author of this narrative, it may be objected, is a partial witness; but he is corroborated by writers who were the bitterest critics of the queen. "Hatred," Buchanan admits, "was turned into compassion;" Calderwood confesses that "the hatred of the people was now by process of time turned into pitie;" and Spottiswoode is even more emphatic: "The common people also, who a little before seemed most incensed, pitying the Queen's estate, did heavily lament the calamity wherein she was fallen."

The intensity of the public feeling accounts for the midnight ride to Lochleven. It had become apparent to Morton and his more astute and unscrupulous allies that if the revolution was to succeed, a vigorous policy must be instantly initiated. The queen must be silenced; the queen must be secluded. But how were they to justify the forcible detention of the sovereign on whose behalf, as they alleged, they were in arms? There were honest men among them. No one had expressed

his detestation of the murder and of the marriage more freely than Grange; but Grange was a soldier of unblemished repute,—an obstinate, intractable, high-minded, chivalrous gentleman. Grange would not lend himself to a fraud; and since Mary had trusted herself to his honor, he had come to believe that she was more sinned against than sinning. Grange was assured—so it was said—that Mary was still devoted to Bothwell; that she had refused to leave him; that a loving letter, which she had addressed to him, had been intercepted. Even her apologists need not hesitate to admit that the queen was at this moment in a position of grave embarrassment. Every path she could follow was beset with peril. Whether she was *enceinte* has been doubted; she believed that she was, and her belief was probably well founded. She might by this time have concluded that nothing was left for her but (in her own words) “to make the best of it.” And it is easy to understand, when she found that his accomplices had turned upon him like a pack of famished wolves, how the woman who had never loved Bothwell in his prosperous days, may have stood loyally by him in his adversity. These were the traitors who had truly murdered Darnley, and yet they dared to flaunt a banner in the face of heaven which called for vengeance on his murderers,—“Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord!” What perfidy, she might well ask, could compare with this? Judas betrayed his Lord with a kiss; but he did not add to his guilt by professing that another had done it; he went and hanged himself. Although a high-spirited woman like Mary Stuart may possibly have been influenced by such feelings as I have indicated, their existence is purely conjectural. Mary may have declined to separate herself from Bothwell, or she may not; we cannot tell; no one was allowed to see her, no one was allowed to speak with her,—not even the envoy of Elizabeth, not even the ambassador of France; we only know *what the lords said that she said*. The value of hearsay evidence, tainted as this was, will be considered hereafter; but I may say here that the motive that tempted them to lie, if they did lie, is obvious enough. An apology was needed for their sudden change of front; and the pretence that Mary clung with unreasoning obstinacy to her lover, was probably as good as any other that could be invented at the moment. The specific allegation that on

the night of her capture she addressed a few lines of ardent devotion to Bothwell is now generally discredited,—even Hume and the younger Tytler (both hostile to Mary) admitted that the writing, if any such there was, must have been fabricated. Mary Stuart, whatever else she might be, was not a fool; and it would have been monstrous folly to expect that a letter so fatally compromising would escape the vigilance of her keepers. We may be tolerably sure, moreover, that if the letter had been intercepted, it would have been produced. Melville informs us that “it was alleged” that a letter to Bothwell, written the night she was taken, was used to silence Kirkaldy’s scruples. “Grange was yet so angry, that, had it not been for the letter, he had instantly left them.” But in the answer of the lords of Scotland to the remonstrances of Elizabeth,—prepared not later than July 11th, only three weeks after Carberry,—there is no allusion to the intercepted letter; and as their defence proceeded on the plea that Mary still clung to Bothwell, it may be confidently assumed that had such an invaluable and indeed conclusive piece of evidence been in their possession, it would then and there have been produced. Thus there is no direct evidence to show that Mary parted from Bothwell reluctantly, and there is plenty of the best evidence to show that after they were parted she never manifested the least desire to rejoin him. The delirium—the infatuation of the most polished and brilliant woman of her age for an ill-favored and illiterate lover of forty—was obviously as transient as it was unaccountable.

Meantime—during these anxious days—Maitland did what he could. He was fighting for Mary’s life. The gloomy fanatics who had been summoned to the convention thirsted for her blood. It was a plain duty, they declared, to put her to death. The Lord had delivered her into their hands. There can be no doubt that for some days her peril was great; her own friends, finding how they had been misled by the revolutionary faction, were one by one stealing away from the capital; Morton and Knox remained—Morton, Knox, and their allies; and Morton was as unscrupulous as Knox was “austere.” We do not know all that occurred after Carberry; the letters of Drury were written from Berwick, and most of his correspondents in Scotland were ignorant or intemperate partisans; but, from Throckmorton’s confidential correspondence with

the English court after his arrival at the Scottish capital, it may be fairly concluded, I think, that to Maitland—who had been on various occasions of essential service to Morton—Mary at this time owed her life.

Of Mary Stuart, however, as an independent princess, there was now an end. The conspiracies of the disaffected nobles, which had been more than once defeated by her resolute spirit, were at length completely successful, and there were grim rejoicings in the Puritan camp. If Mary was the accomplice of Bothwell, she deserved all that she got; if she was the innocent victim of an unscrupulous policy, which in the name of pure religion traded on sedition and did not shrink from crime, the sympathy that she has received has not been exaggerated. Maitland's fixed idea had hitherto been that the union of the kingdoms was a political necessity, and that only through Mary Stuart could union be secured. I do not think that he ever seriously wavered in his loyalty to his mistress; but it is interesting to note that—even when the cloud was blackest—he would listen to no terms of composition which did not involve the acknowledgment by Elizabeth, in one form or other, of the Scottish title. Throckmorton reported that some talk had passed between him and the secretary with reference to the custody of the prince. He had found from Lethington, he said, that the principal point that would induce the lords to deliver their prince into England would be the recognition of his title to the succession of the crown of England, in default of issue of Elizabeth's body. "I do well perceive that these men will never be brought to deliver their Prince into England except upon this condition;" "for," saith Lethington, "*that* taking place, the Prince shall be as dear to the people of England as to the people of Scotland; and the one will be as careful of his preservation as the other. Otherwise," he saith, "all things considered, it will be reported that the Scotsmen have put their Prince to be kept in safety, as those which commit the sheep to be kept by the wolves."

I have brought the narrative of Mary Stuart's life in Scotland down to the period of her fall; the events that followed her abdication, her escape from Lochleven, and her flight across the border, must be treated of elsewhere.

JOHN SKELTON.

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From Belgravia.

NAT.

CHAPTER I.

OLD NAT.

A RESPECTABLE and prosaic Protestant farmer in a quiet part of Ireland has little food for his imagination, should he possess such a faculty—one which he very seldom does possess. He is, indeed, as a rule, the most commonplace and unromantic of men. His neighbors do not habitually thrill him with exciting tales of their personal adventures with leprechauns, with bewitched black cats with bristling hair and eyes aflame, with great enchanted dogs of furious aspect, or tricky fairies, or ghosts with a horrid weakness for *bhlástin*' innocent folk who may be unfortunate enough to cross their path.

In religion the Protestant farmer is strictly Puritan, and he seldom takes a very vivid interest in the next world; perhaps because he does not believe in purgatory, and very dimly realizes the full and terrible significance of the doctrine of eternal punishment; whilst he very fully realizes the doctrine of justification by faith alone, though the sermons which teach him to grasp it are dull to a degree which it would be impossible for any one to conceive who had not had the misfortune to listen to them; no wonder Heaven seems to him a place where there is no work to be done. However, his faith in his religion in the abstract is boundless; so is his loyalty to the State; and his party spirit is as a consuming fire. Though more civilized, humane, and truthful than his west-*Irish* countrymen, he is not nearly so picturesque.

Nathaniel Scarlet, senior, was an old bachelor. His only near relative was a nephew, whom he had adopted when the latter was a thin, long-legged boy of six, with thoughtful dark eyes and a painful sensitiveness to harsh words. Old Nat never regretted having adopted the younger Nathaniel Scarlet. He sent him to a small school connected with the parish church, where he quickly learned to read, to spell, and even a little arithmetic. These accomplishments he seldom cared to practise, but he early displayed a capacity for practical farming, and began to combine a delusive air of weakness with an amount of physical strength that was amazing.

His uncle often said; "Nat have a faultless oie fur sthock an' craps. He can

plough, or sow, or rape, or mow, agin the best; an' what's more, he's a quiet an' iximplery lad. Quiet? whoy, his vice is low an' soft as th' summer wind among th' grasses! Iximplery? whoy, *money fairly sthicks to him!*"

Young Nat's luck about money was not a matter of indifference to old Nat. His neighbors said: "He's near, very near, is ould Nat; but what matther? He have money, an' money's th' *best* thing!"

Old Nat also had an obstinate will and a fiery temper, and he did not always practice as he preached. For instance, he professed to hate politics, but he would go any distance to see an Orange procession, or to hear the sound of fifes and drums; and he certainly spoke with exceeding bitterness of a certain distinguished statesman, who had failed to grapple, as he thought, successfully with Irish difficulties. "He's th' vury fa'ather iv lies," he would roar; "an' *ould* ruffan widout a prinsobel."

He daily lectured his nephew on the necessity for self-discipline, whilst he himself flew into violent rages on the slightest pretexts, and literally tore his reverent long white locks if the punctuality upon which he insisted was infringed by so much as a moment's delay.

He professed the profoundest contempt for the softer sex, but as a matter of fact he was absurdly romantic, and capable of the most eccentric acts to compass a happy marriage for his quiet and sensible nephew.

He would exclaim: "I niver met a young mon so sot agin weeman as Nat; say a gurl is good-lookin' or th' loike, an' he'll see fauts where there's *no* fauts."

And certainly from a boy Nat had approved his uncle's bachelor independence, and had drawn comparisons between his uncle's life and the less fortunate lives of his married neighbors, who habitually chanced to wear a subdued and even down-trodden air that was very inexplicable, whilst their wives were notoriously the reverse of perfect, and their homes by no means models of cleanliness.

However, on the whole, young Nat's naturally ardent imagination had been, as it were, so strictly disciplined by circumstances during his quiet boyhood and early youth, that it had not added in any way to his intellectual attractions, enhanced joys of which he had had no experience, or embittered troubles which were destined to come later on, as it were, with a rush. Indeed, his life continued entirely

uneventful, until, when he was thirty years old, his uncle died very suddenly.

The day of old Nat's death the latter rode, during the afternoon, to the nearest country town, as young Nat suspected, upon some mysterious errand, for it was not market-day. He did not even return at his usual hour, and at length Nat sent the yard-boy and his two farm-laborers to bed, and sat up himself in the kitchen with old Dora the housekeeper, a woman of an extremely superstitious turn of mind, who was occasionally capable of almost fervid eloquence. This evening she was unusually silent, and did not care to express her sense of uneasiness.

At length Nat rose with some impatience and said: "I b'lieves, Dora, I'll be goin' down a bit iv th' road. Maybe Oi'd meet me uncle."

He started accordingly and walked some distance along the highroad. Though it was past eleven o'clock it was still light enough, this July evening, to recognize any one passing, and presently Nat saw his uncle's short, thickset figure approaching.

"Well, uncle," he called out, "whativer kep ye out so late, an' where did ye lave old Orange the mare?"

Old Nat made no reply. To his nephew's unbounded surprise, he glided towards him noiselessly and with extraordinary celerity, and finally past him and disappeared in the direction of the farm. Nat turned and hastened after him. On entering the house, however, he found Dora still alone in the kitchen.

"Where did me uncle go whin he come in?" he asked.

"Sure he niver come in 'tall," Dora answered.

"Niver come in 'tall!" he repeated. "He actially passed me on th' road tin minutes ago. He hadn't th' mare, an' he was walkin' loike th' wind. I called to him, but he niver answered, but med fur home; thin I turned an' follyed him."

"Take care but 'twas his fetch ye seen," said the old woman. "Go, Nat, fur Gawd's sake, an' call the min, an' go look fur y'er uncle. I misdoubt me 'tis but his dead body ye'll foind."

Nat, who was beginning to feel seriously uneasy, thought it as well to take her advice. He called up the men, and proceeded along the road to look for his uncle. The men carried a shutter, and, as a matter of fact, about two miles from the farm they found the old man's dead body lying in the middle of the road, and

saw old Orange grazing at a little distance. The animal's knees were so badly cut it was evident that she had fallen and thrown her master heavily to the ground.

However, it is unnecessary to linger over these details. It is sufficient to say that Nat's grief for his uncle was sincere, but not so extreme as his confusion and dismay, when, a few hours later, he made certain equally unexpected and startling discoveries.

CHAPTER II.

A SURPRISE.

IT appeared that his uncle had lately negotiated a marriage for him without his knowledge or consent; that old Nat had, indeed, carried matters with a high hand; that he had arranged all the preliminaries; had given orders to the mother of the bride-elect about the settlements—orders which she had carefully carried out; and had actually named the wedding-day. Money had naturally been the paramount influence in determining old Nat's choice of a wife for his nephew. Eliza Jane Scarlet of Maryville Farm near Glengal, in the west of Ireland, was an heiress. She was the daughter of old Nat's first cousin, John Scarlet, who had died of smallpox, when that disease was devastating Glengal some years before. She was an only child, and exactly young Nat's age—thirty. Old Nat, however, had not been wholly uninfluenced by romantic considerations; as a very young man, he had been much in love with Mrs. Scarlet, then Eliza Jane Judge. Since she had married his cousin John Scarlet he had never seen her. Indeed, his decision about her daughter and his nephew had been altogether the result of a sudden inspiration, upon which he had acted with his usual promptitude. His too sanguine hopes had endowed a person he had never seen with inherited charms it was possible she might not possess, and had exaggerated the amount of wealth she would eventually possess.

In his uncle's pockets Nat found all the correspondence connected with the affair. It would be impossible to imagine anything more characteristic than old Nat's letters—copies of which he had carefully preserved—and no doubt they would have been extremely amusing to any one but his nephew. However, Mrs. Scarlet's letters filled Nat, who had much sensitiveness, with positive despair.

Old Nat had gone into town the afternoon of the day of his death for the pur-

pose of signing his will. In his will he left his nephew the interest of his farm, of which he had a long lease, and also his ample savings, amounting to over eleven hundred pounds, on one condition, that he married, *on or before the tenth day of the following month August*, his cousin Jane Scarlet, it being then the twenty-ninth of *July*.

All day old Nat had been looking forward to telling his coy and retiring nephew of the trick he had played him about his marriage, and to overcoming any objections he might possibly make, by informing him of the signing of the will, and by describing its contents.

During the few days immediately succeeding his uncle's death Nat had many quiet hours in which to ponder over his position; after all, a very ordinary one for a young man of his class and of his country. The difficulty of his position lay in this—that he did not happen to be, by any means, an ordinary young man, and, therefore, unfortunately, the longer he thought of the matter the less he liked it. He, who had all his life disliked women and looked forward to a career of bachelor peace and independence, found himself suddenly deprived of the support and countenance of his uncle, and engaged to marry, in a fortnight or less, a woman whom he had never seen, and of whose probable age, character, or appearance he knew nothing.

He had still an air of boyish purity and freshness, and a somewhat demure and exaggerated quietness of voice and aspect. He was tall, and slight, almost to frailness. His head was small, his hair brown, and his naturally brown complexion bronzed by the sun. He had a short but not ill-shaped nose, fine teeth, and rather thick lips, which betrayed, by their occasional tremulousness, perhaps an almost morbid sensitiveness. His eyes were handsome, almond-shaped, with rather full lids, and in color dark brown.

His ordinary dress was a worn old corduroy waistcoat and trousers (he never wore a coat except on Sundays, or when he went to a fair), a very white shirt, and a battered old jerry hat, low in the crown, and narrow in the brim, and placed too far back upon his head not to detract seriously from his good looks. He wore no hair upon his face and shaved every morning.

During the evening of the day on which his uncle had been buried Nat joined Dora by the kitchen hearth. The men had gone to bed and the place was quiet.

"I b'lieves I'm goin' to Glingal by th' airly train tomorra, Dora," he said slowly.

"So best," she answered dryly.

"What's yer opinan, Dora, iv this marriage as me uncle up an' settled afore his death?" he went on.

The old woman hesitated. At length she said, —

"To be candid wid ye, Nat, it looks to moy jedgemint vury loike buyin' a pig in a poke. But thin ye'r uncle knew that iv he didn't settle the marriage at onct, ye'd *surely shlip ye'r head out iv th' noose.*"

Nat groaned.

"She've money any way," he said.

"Faix, Nat, boy, money ain't ivery-thing," said Dora. "It can make ye *vury* comfortable, but it can't make ha'appy, an *ha'appiness* an' *comfort* is two *vury* differint things!"

"I'm sure I'll hate th' very soight iv her," he said vehemently.

"Take care will ye hate th' vury soight iv her? Take care iv ye'rsef, Nat, me boy. Though gintle as a lamb ye'r thrue as timpered stheel. I misdoubt me, Nat, but iv ye onct cared fur a wooman, but it 'ud go *vury* ha'ard wid ye. Take care will ye hate her! 'Tis somehow bore in upon me moind as ye've a bad toime afore ye, Nat."

"How so?" he asked in some alarm. Dora's intuitions were, as a rule, not to be despised.

She rose to her feet. She was a tall woman with flaring dark eyes, and wild elf-locks over which she wore no cap. "Take care," she said, waving her hand at the unfortunate Nathaniel; "take care as she don't lead ye captif at her choriot whales! Take care as she don't schatter that stiff proide iv ye'r's in th' dust! Take care as she don't wear ye'r bleedin' schalp a-danglin' at her belt! Ye b'lieves th' wooman don't live as 'll conquer ye, Nat. In th' worrds iv Scripture, I say, 'Let *him* that thinketh he standeth, take hade lest he fall.'"

Nat flushed. "As ye'r off an th' prach-ing tack, Dora," he said, "I b'lieves I'll g'up to bed."

CHAPTER III.

GLENGAL.

THE next afternoon a strong southerly breeze was rustling the sedges by a certain river in the wild west. It shook the ears of ripening oats and barley, and played amongst the fading water-lilies. Haycocks still stood amidst the bright

green aftergrass in the low-lying fields by the river, and above them rose a district cold, barren, and grey. However, the cultivated farms on the left bank, with their fine old trees and pleasant gardens, made, by force of contrast, the wild, grey country above them and at the other side of the river seem only more picturesque.

From the winding road above the left bank there was an extensive view of the river and of the lake some three miles farther on, environed here and there by districts indescribably desolate and wild, by great stretches of dark, spongy bog, and coarse, wind-swept grass and rushes. On the eastern side of the lake the stony country appeared bleached by the sun, winds, and rains of centuries an almost dazzling white. On the north-eastern horizon rose a chain of mountains half lost in pale purple mist.

A bank of clouds was moving up from the south across the deep azure of the sky; the river and the lake — which latter seemed to be some twenty or twenty-five miles long by five or eight broad — were a dark slate grey and driven into ripples by the wind; the sunshine was a mellow gold, and brought into strong relief the emerald grass, golden corn, patches of bottle-green potatoes, and woods, which, opposite Maryville Farm, lined the right bank for some distance.

Here and there a solitary mountain-ash overhung the road above, its clustered berries a pale orange not yet deepened into scarlet. Clumps of purple heather bloomed in stony places, and clusters of ripening blackberries sprang from amidst the boulders.

Two farmhouses stood on a height above the left bank of the river, only separated by a field. Mrs. Crashman, a Protestant widow, lived in one with her daughter, and Mrs. Scarlet and her daughter Eliza Jane in the other. Both houses had slated roofs and yellow-tinted walls; both were square and low, all the rooms having been built on the ground floor. In front of each house there were two windows at each side of a porch with diamond panes, gay with flowers. Roses and creepers covered Mrs. Scarlet's walls; Mrs. Crashman's stood bare.

Half a century before the Scarlets and Crashmans had migrated from a northern county to Glengal. The Scarlets had settled at Maryville Farm, and the Crashmans at Hareville Farm. They were then connected by marriage, and now the old intimacy between the families continued, relieved from its monotony by the jealous

rivalry of the two widows. Both farms were chiefly under grass, and each widow kept a large dairy, which, so near Glengal, proved a source of considerable profit.

Just now there was only one boat on the river. Nat Scarlet was sitting in the stern, but he was not steering. His muscular brown hands were clasped upon his knees, and he was bending forward with a slight flush upon his face and a new light in his dark eyes. He was, for the moment, completely absorbed in his steady and even slightly impassioned contemplation of a girl who was rowing with all the ease and grace born of long practice.

He has called her *Eliza Jane*, and she has answered to that name as a matter of course. She went to meet him at the railway station, where he arrived by a midday train. She saw his black box, with N.S. painted in white letters on the lid, placed in a donkey-cart for conveyance to the farm, and she then walked down to the river with him, ordered him into the stern of the boat, and proceeded to row him to the farm. She did not, however, bestow upon him a single glance of interest or word of welcome.

She was a somewhat severe and cold-looking young woman of middle height evidently, and about twenty-five years of age, with a straight and agile figure and a neat but not impossible waist. Her somewhat colorless complexion was tanned by the sun to a golden brown. Her rather large features were commanding, and their dark lashes did not soften the uncompromising sternness of her singularly clear blue eyes. She appeared the very embodiment of strength — the sort of strength that might possibly be intolerant of other people's weakness, though never ungenerously so.

Her dress was a rough red petticoat, over which was pinned "up," in the fashion of the country, a cotton gown of brilliant salmon-pink and sage-green stripes.

She had looked at Nat occasionally with a cursory and perhaps a slightly contemptuous glance.

After a long silence he said at length: "Ye lives in a beautiful wild country, Eliza Jane."

"Yis," she said; "'tis a beautiful wild country, for thim as loikes *wildness*. At fust, whin I come here as a child, I thought th' grey sthones turrible lonesome an' sad; and now I feels as iv I'd shmother in any other place, th' air is so fresh an' sthrong."

"'Tis loike y'er-sel in *that*," said Nat. She stared.

"Ye'r uncle's suddint death must have been a grade shock," she observed coldly.

"Yis," he said; "'twas a grade shock surely; but 'twas a grader shock to foind out all iv a suddint what he'd up an' been an' gone an' done, an' that I was to be married in a fortnight."

His eye flashed at the recollection, then softened strangely.

"Gawd knows," he went on, "he carried matthers wid a hoigh hand. But it's all turned out for th' best, an' I'm *more* nor satisfoided, an' *only* wishes 'twas to-morra was me weddin' day; 'tis *proud* an' *happy* I'd be."

"An' whaitver has med ye up an' change yer mind all iv a suddint?" she asked with an indifferent laugh.

"Sure I've seen *ye*, Eliza Jane," he said somewhat sadly.

She laughed consumedly. "I dunno what *that* have to say to it," she said. She laughed again and again.

"An' yit," said Nat, "afore this day for'noight we'll be *man* an' *wife*." His sudden rage, the severity of his voice, the contempt in his eyes, had its due effect; the girl flushed violently, and ceased to laugh.

"Faix, I b'lieves," she said slowly, after a pause, "as ye've been an' gone an' tuk me for me cousin *Eliza Jane Sca'arlet*, *th' gurl as ye're to marry*. Sure I'm *only Eliza Jane Judge*, Missus Sca'arlet's niece. It niver sthruke me whin ye called me Eliza Jane as ye cud suppose for wan momint as I was th' gurl yer goin' to marry. Be th' way, I'm usually called Elizabeth."

With a few swift strokes she sent the boat into the left bank, and in another moment the wretched Nat was following her up the narrow path to the farmhouse. His suspense appeared more intolerable than ever under the shock of the strangely bitter disappointment he had just sustained.

As he entered the hall Elizabeth Judge said, with all the calmness of profound indifference, —

"Eliza Jane Sca'arlet is waitin' fur ye in the red parlor; here is th' dure."

CHAPTER IV.

ELIZA JANE SCARLET.

THE red parlor was a small square room to the left of the hall with dark red walls and a sanded earthen floor. There was a sofa in the southern window with a very high back and a red cover. Some chairs of dark oak with high backs were

ranged at decent intervals round the walls. In the centre of the room stood an old oak table, on which Elizabeth had arranged some books of her own—she had a passion for reading—and on which she had placed an old china bowl filled with fine carnations, rose-colored, sulphur, and clove. In the old brass fender she had placed a many-blossomed plant of scarlet geranium, flanked on either side by a tall fern. In the full glare of summer light, by the uncurtained window near the porch, stood Eliza Jane Scarlet, waiting for Nat.

It was difficult to believe that she was only thirty, so faded she was and wan. Her sallow complexion had acquired a bluish tint, and her thin fair hair was already grey. Her pale blue eyes were large and prominent and showed an abnormal amount of white, or rather, to be strictly accurate, of yellow, and the pupils were almost invisible. Indeed, she had always had weak sight. She was tall and thin to emaciation. Her pale hands were narrow, and her fingers limp and long.

She was really one of those extremely respectable and suffering women whose lives it is always painful to contemplate. Naturally indolent, there had been in her life no necessity for hard work, and though she had not had any regular illness, she had never known what it was to be strong; nor had she ever known what it was to be glad or to enjoy or to minister in any way to the enjoyment of others.

As Nat came forward and stood for some time talking at the window he gradually understood all these things. His usual quiet penetration—which had been the cause of much of his distaste for women, and which is so rare in men where the softer sex is concerned—had become sharpened into extraordinary acuteness. Since he had arrived in Glengal a few hours before, he seemed to have become endowed with half-a-dozen new senses. He saw more clearly; he thought more profoundly; he reasoned more accurately and faster; and, alas! he felt more, infinitely more, acutely, than would have seemed possible, under any circumstances, a week before. As he stood by the window he felt confused by the rush of new thoughts, thoughts deep and beautiful, thoughts new and fresh, thoughts miserable and despairing.

"I didn't go down to the river to meet ye," said Eliza Jane, as they sat down on the red sofa; "because why? I seldom goes out. Indade, I thought ye'd loike th' row up wid Elizabeth, as yer uncle

mentioned in wan iv his letthers as ye were fond iv th' wather, an' a grade rower, an' swimmer, an' diver. We waunst had a wather-dog called Diver."

"Me uncle's house is on th' borders iv a lake," said Nat.

"It's yer house now, anyway," she said. "I'm sure I was niver more surprised nor whin I read yer uncle's first letther. I'd gev up all iday iv marridge. Indade, I said to me muther at the toime as I didn't feel aqual to th' duties iv married loife, an' she thin an' there flew into th' most tremindjous passion. She's a *very* warrm-timpered woman, Nat, an' that's th' thruth. Oh, Nat, iv ye only heerd hersel' an' Mrs. Crashmin foightin'! Nelly Revel th' fishwoman in Glengal is make and moild to 'em. I do declare," she added, "here's me muther's step down th' passage. She was a hansom gurl, I b'lieves; but she's a *big* woman now, Nat, an' a *noisy* woman."

This information was very unnecessary, for Mrs. Scarlet immediately entered the room, and began to talk to Nat in a loud, metallic voice. She was tall, stout, and fair, though probably over sixty years old. Her complexion was white and pink, her features still handsome, though devoid of all refinement and intellectual charm such as rendered the fine countenance of Eliza Jane Judge so remarkable. She wore a grey linsey gown and an enormous blue check cotton apron.

"How are ye, Nathaniel?" she said. "Y'er more bhoyish loike nor I expected. Ye'r uncle said ye were thretty ye'r last birthday."

Nat wished they would not quote his uncle's letters.

"I was sorry fer th' pore man's suddint death," Mrs. Scarlet continued. "'In the midst iv loife we are in death.' 'Tis seldom ye hears iv a man gettin' his neck broke in that aisy-goin' manner jist be a fall from th' back iv a horse. But," she said, "I'm sure ye're hungry."

"Not very," he answered.

"Elizabeth has y'er dinner ready in th' kitchen. She left it ready on th' table afore goin' out to feed the fowls. I has a hundred head iv fowl altogether, Nat."

She rose and led the way to the kitchen. Nat followed her in dreary silence. She impressed him unfavorably. She seemed more tactless and coarse than he had expected even from the perusal of her letters to his uncle.

He seated himself at the table in the western window and looked out at Elizabeth, who was feeding the fowls in the

yard. In this somewhat arduous task she was assisted by Garret Owen, the stable-boy, a rugged urchin, whose clothes were kept upon his person by an ingenious arrangement of pins—large brass pins. His buttons had fallen off long before, when he first began to outgrow his clothes.

Mrs. Scarlet daily lectured him on the subject of the pins. "I do declare, thim pins will surely *fly* yit, Garryown, an' lave ye muther-naked, a show to th' world an' a disgrace to me respectable place. I gives ye warnin' in toime, iv *thim* pins goes, *ye* goes afther 'em."

Presently she ran behind the table at which Nat was sitting, and leaned out of the open window, screaming: "Thim young Peekin ducks, Elizabeth, is more loike a pack iv Rooshin wolves on th' thrack iv a thraveller nor they're loike young ducks. Garryown, ye young ruf-fan, how dar ye up an' breed sich confusion stid iv helpin' Lizzie to dhrive thim wolfish young Peekins frum th' turkeys' curds an' oatmale?"

Here Garret Owen affected great zeal.

"Be jabbers," said Mrs. Scarlet, "his pins 'ull raly *fly* this toime, an iv they do —"

She turned to Nat with a sudden air of recollection, and sitting down at the table, began: "Well, Nat, me boy, and how does ye loike *dear* Eliza Jane?"

"She's aisy-goin'," he murmured, "*vury* aisy-goin'."

"She's all that an' *more*," she continued. "Ah! Nat, ye'r th' happy an' fortun'it man to git sich a treasure as Eliza Jane. Think, Nat, jist think iv th' dear, gintle, intherestin' crature she is! Think, Nat, jist think iv th' fortun' she'll have! Compare her wid Elizabeth as is that cowl'd, an' stiff, an' proud, she'd freeze a man! I do assure ye, Nat, Elizabeth is th' *masther* iv this house. She manidges th' dairy! She's th' keeper iv all t' accounts! She makes th' butther! She ordhers in th' craps, an' she sells the farm produce! Three Papisher fellows up an' bowdly axed her to marry thim widin th' last foive year."

"Well?" said Nat.

"Iv course she refused 'em. 'I niver seen to me knowledge th' man yit as I'd call masther,' she said to me."

Nat shivered.

"Tain't cowl'd ye are," said Mrs. Scarlet in surprise.

"I b'lieves," he said coldly, "th' wind an' th' wather was sha'arp."

CHAPTER V.

THE CRASHMANS.

Two hours later the family were assembled at tea at the table in the western window where Nat had dined. The sunshine poured in on the sanded floor, white-washed walls, and snowy tables; upon all the order and cleanliness which were in such striking contrast to the squalor of ordinary west-*Irish* farm-kitchens.

Mrs. Scarlet sat at the head of the table pouring tea from a brown delf teapot into blue delf cups with willow patterns. Elizabeth sat at the foot and cut great squares of home-made bread. Nat sat at one side with the indolent Eliza Jane, who appeared to have little appetite.

The conversation was not general; no one spoke except Mrs. Scarlet, and though Nat said nothing, he thought the more.

He saw that Elizabeth's were the strong and capable hands that made up for every one's deficiencies; that Garret Owen and Margaret Hamlin the maid—a giddy girl of sixteen—made it a rule not to perform any duty whatever unless Elizabeth's eyes were upon them; that Mrs. Scarlet was a politician and a violent partisan; that she was extremely religious, and had a tenacious memory for texts, which she had an unfortunate habit of quoting inappositely on every possible or impossible occasion; that she had innumerable homely proverbs at her fingers' ends, and grotesque sayings of all sorts, which she described as—cants; that, extraordinary to relate, maternal pride was her strongest passion.

Just as the tea was nearly over, she said to her daughter, "Well, thank Gawd, there's no chance iv thim Crashmins this afternoon, any way."

Perhaps the irony of fate caused Garret Owen to rush at that moment to the window and to roar: "Thim Crashmins is jist come up to th' front porch, an' Maggotamlin is gone to let 'em in."

Elizabeth turned pale.

Eliza Jane fixed a pale glare full of inscrutable meaning upon Nat.

Mrs. Scarlet half rose, then sank into her seat and wrung her large hands.

"Th' Crashmins afther all," she gasped. "Th' Lord save us an' purtict us. I see 't all! Gloxana Crashmin have come on a voyage iv discovery, an' to make fierce luv to Nathaniel Scarlet, jist to wex and worrit *dear* Eliza Jane."

Nat did not receive this alarming and delicately conveyed intelligence with indifference; he flushed. Having hitherto

carefully avoided female society, he was not inured to such personalities.

In a moment, however, the Crashmans appeared.

Mrs. Crashman was a sallow little woman with black eyes and hair. She wore a straight black gown and thin black cape. Her daughter Gloxana was tall and had an extremely high color and rather bold features.

"We come," said Mrs. Crashman, "to inquire for dear Eliza Jane Judge, an' to offer our warmest congratulations an her suddint ingagement to wan Nathaniel Sca'arlet, a northern farmer. This is th' young mon, I s'ppose," and she pointed at Nat.

"Eliza Jane *Judge*," repeated Mrs. Scarlet violently. "Oh! to hear th' terrible suggestions Mrs. Crashmin do be makin' out iv malice. She knows as well as I knows, Nat, that it's me daughter an' not me niece as ye'r ingaged to."

Nat was silent and flushed again.

"Surely ye'r not in airnest," remonstrated Mrs. Crashman. "Surely 'tain't pore Eliza Jane as is goin' to be marrid at this toime iv day. She's not aqual to th' cares iv marrid loife, not but what *he's* a wakely crature hisself, long an' thin. Sure, whin he stud up jist now to hand aroun' th' griddle bread it shruck me as he was givin' at the knees!"

"Givin' at the knees!" repeated Mrs. Scarlet furiously. "He's no sich a thing as givin' at the knees. How dar ye, Mrs. Crashmin, iv ye was twinty toimes a frin' and naybour, up an' cheek ye'r betthers? Gawd knows th' Sca'arlets is far afore th' Crashmins any day."

"I'll have ye to know, Mrs. Crashmin," drawled Eliza Jane with some dignity, "that Nathaniel Sca'arlet is engaged to *me*, an' niver wanst thought iv poor Elizabeth or as much as knew that there was sich a person in existence."

Here Nat could scarce repress a groan. His gentleness and blank despair appealed to Elizabeth's pity.

Mrs. Crashman ran a cunning eye over him again and again.

"He haven't a moind at aise," she snapped, "or moy name aint Anastasia Crashman! Look, look, Mrs. Sca'arlet, at his color acomin' an' agoin'!"

"Be thankful, Anastasia," said Mrs. Scarlet with much dignity, "that ye'r daughter's color ain't agoin' an' acomin'; that it's a permanint job! I do declare," she added insolently, "Gloxana's gettin' th' elderly spread. She's fur all the world loike a big bustin' red paony, full-blowed."

"Gloxy, darlin'," said Mrs. Crashman tenderly, "do take another cup iv tay, Gawd knows ye needs support in th' company iv frinds an' naybours."

"Young mon, I'll trouble ye," and she gave her daughter's cup to Nat, who presented it to Mrs. Scarlet.

As he returned it to Gloxana, the unfortunate Nathaniel received a smile and glance that covered him with confusion. His dismay became, if possible, greater than ever when Mrs. Scarlet jeered,—

"There's eyes an' teeth fur ye, Nat. She bares th' wan an' flares th' other."

"Oh, hush, aunt, hush!" implored Elizabeth.

Eliza Jane glared at Nat with pale sympathy.

"Her poor fa'ather whin he named her Gloxana, little bethought him iv th' cruel insults she'd recave," said Mrs. Crashman.

"He med a grade mistake, ma'am," said her friend; "Gloxenia's th' name. It's a broad-faced, full-blowed, starin' flower wid a welwet bloom upon it. I niver denyed as Gloxy have a fine complexion."

"It's more nor pore Eliza Jane have," snapped Mrs. Crashman.

"She's makin' a fine marridge, anyway," said Mrs. Scarlet.

This was a sore point.

"Oh, to think," wailed her friend, "iv th' gran matches Gloxy cud a med! Toimes an' agin I've gone an me binded knees to her to take this mon an' that!"

"Be all accounts," drawled Eliza Jane, "this man an' that pled her vury false."

"Dear Gloxenia," said Mrs. Scarlet, "I often felt fur yer disappointmints, an' said to dear Eliza Jane, it was sich a pity that ye'r arra niver hit th' goold. I deloights in archery whin it's successful."

At this moment various influences combined to overthrow Gloxana Crashman's self-control. She burst into noisy tears, and was tenderly led from the scene by Mrs. Crashman.

Nat Scarlet also seemed singularly ill at ease, and in a few minutes sprang to his feet with a violent and profane exclamation. He hastily left the house and rushed down the narrow path to the river.

He asked himself was he going mad? Would the horrid voices of those old women ring forever in his ears? What did this life, which he had been wont to regard as a solemn prelude to a limitless eternity of joy or sorrow, really mean? Had his past life been a dream from which he had just been awakened, and to what?

Not to dream of Eliza Jane's pale eyes, surely.

He threw himself on the ground with a groan. Then he lit his pipe and smoked and dreamed of what might have been; and after a time he became inexpressibly soothed by the sweet solitude around him; the ripple of the water against the bank; the rustle of the wind through the sedge; the steely glint of the grey river, and the silence of the deep woods at the other side, where not even a wood-pigeon was cooing.

No one disturbed him until the sun set and the evening shadows deepened into night.

CHAPTER VI. DRIFTING.

THE weather continued fine for a few days with fresh southerly winds, drifting clouds, and hot sunshine. In the air there was a fragrant freshness, a subtle sense of promise fulfilled. In Glengal the autumn comes early and lingers late; and the beginning of autumn there seemed already advanced.

Nat Scarlet spent most of his time on the river rowing himself about in Elizabeth's boat. He looked ill and careworn, and seldom spoke. His taciturnity, however, offended no one. Eliza Jane knew that her marriage would be entirely a business transaction, and she did not expect Nat to make love to her. She was selfish and unsympathetic to a degree. Her own physical sensations bounded, as it were, her mental horizon, and she could never soar above them. It did not occur to her that Nat was ill or unhappy.

Elizabeth alone understood him and measured with accurate eye the full extent of his carefully concealed admiration for herself. She saw little of him, however, and never spoke of him to her cousin Eliza Jane. She busied herself with careful preparations for the wedding, which, it was arranged, should take place on the 10th of August.

Cold and reserved to an exceptional degree, Elizabeth had apparently no power whatever of expressing her thoughts in words, and perhaps this was fortunate — for she thought of everything. She was positively afflicted with an acutely logical and penetrating mind that recklessly suggested unto itself all sorts of impossible problems.

She was a striking contrast to Mrs. Scarlet, who was the victim of a restless energy which bore no useful results. Her

days were spent in rushing aimlessly hither and thither, and in screaming, with many profane and ridiculous exclamations, contradictory orders to Margaret Hamlin and Garret Owen.

There was now a comparatively idle time on the farm before the beginning of harvest, and each day's simple routine was the same. The family, with the exception of Eliza Jane, rose between five and six o'clock. They breakfasted in the kitchen at eight, dined there at one, had tea at five, and oatmeal porridge for supper at nine o'clock.

Sunday, his first Sunday at Glengal, appeared to Nat the saddest day he had ever spent, though he did not know that before it was over it would be the most eventful.

In the morning he drove into Glengal to church with Mrs. Scarlet and Eliza Jane. The early hours of the afternoon he was obliged to spend with Eliza Jane sitting by the river.

Finally he proposed that he should row her up to the big lake after tea. She said she would like the row, and suggested that Elizabeth should join them and take an oar. This the latter consented to do. However, at the last moment, just as they were about to start, Eliza Jane changed her mind, and insisted on returning home on the plea of a headache, brought on suddenly by the glare of the sun on the water, and finally Nat and Elizabeth started alone.

Nat, who was a famous oar, rowed; Elizabeth sat at the stern, and steered.

She wore a scarlet woollen Tam o' Shanter cap, knitted by herself, and her striped cotton gown pinned up as usual over her red petticoat. It was a gloomy evening in spite of the occasional bursts of sunshine, and the brilliant coloring of her dress and of her eyes contrasted with the background of sullen sky and water.

Nat threw off his coat and hat, and rowed in his white shirt, red necktie, and bright "Nankin" colored corduroy trousers, the latter very wide in the legs.

"I usually take Garryown to row," said Elizabeth as they started. "He's fond iv th' wather."

"Fond iv th' wather indade!" said Nat scornfully. "He's a dom young ruffan; that's what he is. Iv a man was afther him he'd break his head; but he plays an ye, Elizabeth."

"He's no wuss nor Maggotamlin," said Elizabeth coldly. She was loyal even to Garret Owen.

"There's a pair iv 'em in it," said Nat. "Ye spiles 'em entoiroly, Elizabeth."

There was a long silence and Elizabeth gave herself up to the enjoyment of the hour.

They rowed for some distance up the river before they entered a narrow channel to the right where the river divided into two branches, flowing at each side of a boggy, uninhabited island. Already the wind, which had been fresh all day, began to rise, and to come sweeping over the surface of the water in sudden squalls.

"Iv th' wind gits any hoigher," Elizabeth said, "it will be rough in th' big lake."

"What's a puff iv wind here an' there whin we're not sailin'?" asked Nat. "What odds iv it do roise?"

"I'll not lit th' waves swamp us anyway," said Elizabeth, "iv steerin' 'ull save us."

From Temple Bar.

PROFESSOR BONAMY PRICE.

THERE are men who stand out from other men as markedly picturesque; in whom the individual life beats so freshly as to attract attention on its own account, apart from specific achievements. Such a character was the once Rugby master, the late Oxford professor, of whom I write. The keenness of his mind, the determination to force every one he met into some intellectual exercise, the vivid glow which he imparted to society by the variety of his interests, were characteristics which no one who spent half an hour in his company could fail to recognize. He cared not whom he addressed; learned or unlearned, man or woman, young or old, all were alike open to his friendly attacks. Sometimes his turns were unexpected. Such a sudden question as this would be started upon a silently philosophic listener. "Now, what do you mean when you say that a person has a refined taste? For instance, a fine taste for claret? Ah, if it had been a question of poetry or painting, you would have had an answer; but that claret is a poser."

His great vivacity doubtless came partly from the French side of his ancestry (for he was born in Guernsey, and for many generations the races had mingled in his forefathers); also it was in no slight degree connected with the clear and precise manner in which he formulated his opinions. He never had that

sense of vagueness which contributes so much to reticence. His desire for clear statement was carried indeed to a fault. It made him, it must be admitted, not persuasive as an arguer. He was too satisfied with his own case. To hold it back, to allow the adversary to put his side, and then to discriminate between the strong and weak points in that side, was seldom his method. Yet by "seldom," I must not be understood to mean "never." Sometimes he would listen, and listen attentively; and again he would read, and read attentively, the works of men with whom he was entirely at issue, as for instance Henry George. Occasionally he would turn rapidly round, in the midst of disagreement, and say, "There I agree with you!" in response to some new statement; or, "That is the most difficult argument to meet you have brought forward yet." After all, it is no matter of complaint against a man, that he holds strong individual views; and the impression which Bonamy Price gave, that he did not absorb the views of others, was not so much due to any special deficiency on his part, as to the strong presence of the counter element, the stress which he laid on those points which he himself conceived to be central.

What was really admirable in him was, that over and above the sphere of argument (in which he could both give and take blows with entire cheerfulness), a spirit of active friendliness pervaded all his dealings with others, whether they were on his side or against him. For instance (to refer to a relation of my own), he did not, while dissenting from Francis Newman, ever forget his eminence as a thinker; "Francis Newman never plays false with his own intellect," he would say; "he is perfectly sincere." Nor was this only the case in respect of persons whose private friendship he enjoyed. He protested against the worship of Mill which a quarter of a century ago was so prevalent; he declared that Mill "singularly abounded in false theory," and in "unfounded subtleties;" he disallowed him the title of a great man; yet he spoke of his genius, "the power and beauty of his writing," and declared him to be "very able and sincere." Once he put the question to me, "Who do you consider is the greatest man of the day?" I said, "I am not sure that Mill is not." He answered, "Well, perhaps he may be." It is not to be assumed that he would always have said the same; but the answer, considering his conservative disposition, showed

largeness of mind. He always, much to the wonder of the younger generation (whether these were Conservative or Liberal), persisted in calling himself a Liberal; and to call oneself a Liberal is so long a step towards being one that I am reluctant to say that he was not justified in so describing himself. But undoubtedly the protest against the Liberalism of the day was very prominent in his conversation. Yet this protest was much more against its general temper than against the specific opinions of Liberals. He felt that much current Liberalism was the vague and excited following of a man or a theory, without definite issues; or an enthusiasm about detached ideas without regard to their general bearing. Such a temper caused him a certain dismay and fear for the future of the country, which no difference of opinion on a specific point (as for instance, whether we ought to defend Constantinople against the Russians) aroused in him. He held few things more pressingly important than to deliver politics from the dominion of mere emotion.

About Ireland he would say: "Steady, good government, with nothing striking about it, is what Ireland wants." Yet once, to my surprise, not more than a year or two ago, he appeared to be making an excursion in the opposite direction. "The Irish say that they have from the first protested against being governed by England, and have never assented to it; how do you meet that argument?" I replied that I did not know. "Neither do I," he said.

This may have been merely a passing phase of nescience; but I only can record what was said. Of all his political characterizations, he was himself most pleased by the description which he gave of Mr. Gladstone.

Gladstone [he would say] sees every side of the truth; but he only sees one side at once. You find him fervent on one side; a little time goes by, and that whole point of view has passed away from him; he has forgotten that he ever held it; with equal fervor, and perfect sincerity, he urges a quite different side. He never balances the two together. I call that a dangerous faculty.

He certainly was more pleased than piqued (though he was both) by Mr. Gladstone's declaring (with special reference to the professor's criticism of his Land Bill) that abstract political economy might be fitted for the inhabitants of Jupiter and Saturn, but was certainly unfitted for the inhabitants of the earth; he was pleased, I mean, because he was sensible that "ab-

stract political economy" was a formidable antagonist for Mr. Gladstone to have called up against his own measures. On other occasions, Professor Bonamy Price was by no means an ardent adherent of abstract political economy, and delighted in insisting that political economy was an affair of common sense.

The one thing that Bonamy Price emphatically was not, was a student, a learned man. He had no pretensions to such a character. On the other hand, he combined in an uncommon degree the characters of the thinker and the man of the world. And what contributed to his success in society, was the mixture of a certain childlike naïveté with the instinctive dexterity which nature and experience had combined to give him. Most of his acquaintance have heard him tell the story of an adventure which befell him in Paris. It was at the time when the German armies, not yet encircling Paris, were felt as an ominous thunder-cloud in the distance; and though no battle had been fought, the heart of every Frenchman in Paris was filled with angry suspicion of every one in foreign guise; for who was there that might not be a spy? At this precise moment the professor, with that keen curiosity to understand the mysteries of the art of fortification which distinguished him, penetrated as far as was possible, and much farther than was prudent, into the enceinte of the fortifications of Paris.

Two Frenchmen of the lower orders had observed and noted him; as he came away, they muttered to him something angrily, and followed after him; one of the two presently stepped away, but the other kept up the pursuit, and put searching questions. In vain did the professor, with artless unconsciousness, try to escape down a side street; the threatening voice called him to his bearings at once.

"Filez donc. Ce n'est pas par là qu'on va à l'Hôtel Windsor, Rue de Rivoli!"

What was to be done? A single shout of "A Prussian spy!" and life would not have been worth five minutes' purchase. Bonamy Price could speak French like a native; he turned, and chatted with the man. When they had walked some distance together, he proposed that, as the day was hot, they should go into a café and have a bottle of wine together. The Frenchman agreed; and the professor ordered a bottle of the best wine, poured out a glass for his antagonist, and another for himself. "A l'honneur de la France!" cried the professor; the man hereupon clinked glasses with him. Then with

redoubled fervor, "A la gloire de la France!" "Monsieur, vous êtes un brave," responded the man, almost overcome. The professor paid for the bottle, and rose to depart. Now came the moment of trial for the patriotic soul of the Frenchman. Duty said to him, "Follow the insidious traitor who spies into your country's defences!" Pleasure said, "Here is a bottle of wine, the like of which you will not see again in your lifetime! it is only just begun, it is all yours!" He was, for a few seconds, torn in two; but the scale of pleasure weighed down; the bottle was his; Bonamy Price got safe, unpursued, to his hotel.

Another story which Professor Bonamy Price used to tell with great force and picturesque coloring was the narrow escape of himself and Mrs. Price from a Turkish mob, at Constantinople, in the latter part of 1876. A German clergyman, who was visiting one of the mosques in their company, was accused (falsely) of having kidnapped a Turkish boy and educated him as a Christian. In that critical time, just after the murder of the Christian consuls at Salonika, and with every mind, Mohammedan or Christian, filled with forebodings of the coming war, such an accusation was indeed dangerous. It spread like wildfire, and the whole square around the mosque filled with a surging multitude. At the first sounds of alarm, the gates had been shut; the professor, Mrs. Price, and the Lutheran clergyman were for the moment in safety within; the dragoman, with great presence of mind, had contrived to send notice to the authorities of their danger. No effort at assault was made; and presently fifty horsemen were seen approaching, guarded by whom the three prisoners were escorted in the midst of a sea of scowling faces, thousands in number, some on the floor of the vast square or peering from the windows round, until at last the Embassy was reached. There they were in safety; but were conveyed away by a side door, through unfrequented streets, and advised to leave the city. Sir Henry Elliot's anxiety to avoid any repetition of such a scene was, as may be conceived, excessive. General Ignatieff, on the other hand, was said to have exclaimed, "I would have given £10,000 to have had those English murdered." Probably this was one of those reported sayings that have more verisimilitude than truth; yet (to illustrate great things by small) I could quote the parallel case of a friend of mine who, having been nearly run over by a

train in Huddersfield station, was greeted by the porter who helped him on to the platform with the words, "I wish you had been killed, sir, and then the company would have built a new station for us." It would have been worth, doubtless, much more than £10,000 to General Ignatieff for the Turks, at that particular moment, to have massacred two English travellers.

Bonamy Price was in fact one who, like the much wandering hero of old, had "seen the cities of many men and known their mind," and he had something of the practical keenness of Ulysses, though of course the stubborn hardness of the real traveller, the Burton or the Stanley, is of another range than his. But yet Mr. Price was one of the few who are eminently fitted, by their inquisitive turn of mind and universal geniality, to add a link to the chain which binds nations together. Wherever he was placed, he was at home. The English reserve, in so far as that word has an unfavorable sense, was not in him. Many were the friends he made in other countries; above all perhaps in the United States; but also largely in France and in Austria; some also in Italy. It was impossible for him to be incurious or unaffected by what he saw; and his quick eye roamed over all sorts of phenomena. He noted with great interest, in the harbor of Syracuse, the exact correspondence, even in minute points of detail, with the descriptions of Thucydides, made twenty-three centuries before. The immortal and pathetic account of the suffering Athenians rose in his heart as he surveyed the quarries in which they had labored as slaves, after their disastrous defeat in the Sicilian city. Economical facts he observed, but did not much systematize; I remember his distress at finding the Craven district of Yorkshire much barer of cattle than he thought so pastoral a district should be; but I do not believe he pursued the inquiry further. It was a natural danger of so versatile a mind, sometimes to fix upon phenomena as central which were not really so. Thus he had observed, from a military point of view, how much stronger a defence for Austria the famous Venetian quadrilateral afforded, than the chain of Alps at the rear of the quadrilateral; and as a bulwark against French ambition he defended, on this account, in 1861, Austria's retention of Venetia. Such an opinion implied, of course, a great underrating of the force of Italian national feeling. But of the acuteness of his reason-

ing in itself there was no doubt; it gained for him the acquaintance of General Benedek and other officers of the Austrian army; and the archduke Albert, by way of recognition, presented Mr. Price with the military works of his father, that archduke Charles who had defended Austria against the great Napoleon.

In Rome, Mr. Price was really moved to tears (if I remember right) by an address of the late Pope Pius IX.; and indeed the pathetic and venerable side of the Roman Church always touched, though it never convinced, him. He asks (very differently from Clough's satirical hero) why Rome is so delightful? and answers: "The multitudinous history goes for a great deal, but not all. Then Rome ruled the world, and its consequences even yet abide. The temporal rule begot the spiritual, and that is intensely real still." In those words, "the temporal rule begot the spiritual," is the kernel of the Protestant position. To come to another part of the world; few people are not rather glad when they accomplish the voyage across the Atlantic in as short a time as possible; the shorter the better, they think. But a party to which Mr. Price belonged were actually sorry when the voyage was over; the mutual intercourse had been so amusing. This is notable. The late Mr. W. E. Forster, with whom Mr. Price had a friendship of long standing, was another of the party.

Of Frenchmen in eminent rank, Mr. Price had known many; Guizot perhaps the best. He often quoted a remark that Guizot had made to him: that the French peasantry, the backbone of the country, cared not at all who governed them, provided they could keep their own little farms securely; regarding all rulers as rascals alike. (*N'importe qui gouvernent; ce sont des coquins.*) This, he remarked, was the reason of the instability of all French governments; there was no weight of popular support behind any of them. I do not think that Mr. Price ever met Gambetta; but he was impressed with the power of that statesman in controlling a tumultuous assembly; and in 1879 he wrote the following interesting remarks:

It is very hard to read France. The faculty of fusion seems wanting in the chemistry of her political constitution. Gambetta, I am sure, feels it deeply. His refusal to take office . . . proclaims the fact in the clearest terms. He refuses to play the part of a Danton, to be master of France for a while, then to pass away, as spent and ended, to be succeeded by another. He waits till the country

takes some stable form, when he would instantly become ruler and not chairman.

Gambetta, as we all know, was unable to "wait till the country took stable form;" and the sequel, unfortunately, was what Mr. Price foreshadowed. But I return to homelier matters.

Bonamy Price had that peculiar rapidity of temperament, joined with the habit of cheerful command, which is so effective with children, and with animals. Men, indeed, would sometimes be roused to antagonism by it; towards women it was displayed in a milder form, sheathed and softened; the slight didactic element that accompanied it was not unpopular with them. Children were irresistibly attracted by it; there never was a child that would not laugh at the humorous turn of the professor's eye, though not a word had been said by him; the little Egyptian children at the foot of the pyramids clustered round him, as much as any children in England would have done, though oral communication between him and them there could be none; the expression of his face, which could be one of the most alarming fascination, alone sufficed. At village school feasts he was of course invaluable. In truth he loved children. "Ay, be like children; was ever diviner word spoken?" he says in one of his letters. Over animals, again, he exercised an easy mastery. He could calm a skittish or nervous horse by laying his hand on its neck. Animals of a less exalted kind he would tease. Nothing amused him more than stroking a cat's fur with a quill pen the wrong way; unless it were gobbling against a turkey, or separating a gander from his lawful wives, and watching the unavailing efforts of the father of the family to resume his place at the head of his flock. On such occasions he would resemble Mr. Punch (in the more handsome portraits of that well-known personage); when he was serious, his features had a remarkable resemblance to those of the founder of the third French republic. He had the greatest possible affection for gardens, trees, and flowers; and an affection not merely Platonic. He would go round his friends' shrubberies with a pair of scissors, clipping off dead leaves and branches that interfered with others more vigorous or more graceful than themselves; or showing where vistas could most effectively be opened; or trimming the flower-beds. He would remember from year to year the individual trees, and took pleasure in their growth. When upwards of eighty years old he performed these gar-

dening operations with as much care and interest as if he had been fifty years younger; and the benefit that resulted from them was undeniable.

I have spoken of his manner towards women. Nothing, perhaps, gives a better idea of his peculiar power than the fact that he lectured at Clifton, more than once, to a class of about two hundred ladies; not only did he lecture to them, but he questioned them, and obtained answers from them, so that the lecture-room was a lively though far from tumultuous scene. Here it was that that answer was given which he was so fond of celebrating, and which (if I may venture to say so) deserves indeed immortal fame. He had asked the question, "What is that faculty in man which distinguishes him characteristically from the animals that are beneath him?" A Miss Leonard (since, alas! dead, having like the aloe produced one perfect flower) gave the reply, "Progressive desire."

To appreciate the merit of this answer it must be observed that it does not at all depend on any theory of the essential mental nature of animals, but only on what we observe concerning them now. If the elephant or the ant are capable of advancing in the desires and aims of their spiritual being, then they are better than we now take them to be, that is all. But it remains not the less true that in man alone, now, do we actually observe and know this sublime faculty, without which self-mastery would be a mere barren stump instead of a life-giving root; that it is from the power of renovation in our aims and wishes that all progress in happiness is derived. She who gave such an answer, and he who elicited it and gave it currency, deserve to be mentioned, if for its sake alone.

For so intellectual a man, Bonamy Price had not a large acquaintance with literature (especially books of modern date); but of some books he was very fond — Aristotle and Thucydides were his favorites among the classics; Wordsworth among modern writers; and I may add also, Dr. Mozley, whose university sermons he considered a great work, full of true moral analysis. He was never tired of quoting Wordsworth's "Green Linnet," (a poem not in Matthew Arnold's selection, though it is in the "Golden Treasury"), especially the exquisitely descriptive stanza —

Amid yon tuft of hazel-trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,

Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

Of "Michael," if I remember right, be quoted with great pleasure an expression used to him by Mr. Swinburne, that it was "the most pathetic poem ever written." He considered the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," unequalled as a continuous stretch of sublime verse. He used to relate how once, while walking with Wordsworth by the side of Rydal Water, he had asked the poet the meaning of those lines —

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized;
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised. . . .

"What," I said, "are these fallings from us, for which he gives God thanks more than for anything else?" On hearing the question he drew his aged form perfectly erect, passed in front of me to a gate which was in the wall that bounded the road near the lake, clenched its top bar firmly in his hand, and exclaimed, "There was a time in my life, when I was obliged to press against something material that resisted me, to be sure that there was anything outside of me. Everything fell away and vanished into thought." More memorable words were scarcely ever spoken. The idealism is probably the most perfect on record. He was sure of thought, of his consciousness, his self — but not sure of matter. And this was the result of no process of metaphysical thinking and analysis; it was spontaneous and natural."

Much as he loved Wordsworth, I do not remember that Mr. Price quoted many passages from his poems. His habit was, in relation to every author whom he esteemed, and every subject which attracted him, to fix upon two or three remarkable passages or special points of view, and impress these on his hearers. He did this with great force; but certainly somewhat lost thereby the power of tracing gradual developments. Unfortunately this hindered his appreciation of modern science. As a lady who knew him well writes: —

Perhaps the only instance in which he was unconsciously prejudiced, was in his attitude to the Scientists. He hardly quite realized, I venture to think, how much they have done, and are doing for us. He seemed jealous of their usurping the place of the great Greeks and Romans as the shapers of men's minds. He did not think they could shape them so well, for he held that the study of nature (however desirable) was not so ennobling as intimate communion with mighty minds.

It is possible to agree with Mr. Price in preferring the study of man to the study of nature, and yet to be jealous of any disparagement of those sublime vistas which physical research has disclosed to us. The single man of science for whom I have heard him express really cordial appreciation, was Professor Tyndall. He did not approve of the Belfast address; but when I quoted to him, as a religious support of the theory of the development of mind out of matter, the words of John the Baptist, "*God out of these stones can raise up children unto Abraham*," his answer was, "Ah, yes, assume the external power, God, and I no longer object. But if you want me to believe that matter *per se* can develop into mind, you must show me it doing so; and that no man ever has shown, or as I believe ever will show." Sometimes he would use much greater vehemence of expression. "The man talks nonsense who denies that there is design in the structure of the eye. *Whose* design, is a different matter; but design there is." Or again; in deprecation of the attempt to put human nature under the microscope, he quoted Burke's lofty declamation: "Applaud us when we run, console us when we fall, cheer us when we recover, but let us pass on, for God's sake let us pass on!" adding fiercely: "To think that such stirrings of the soul are mere movements of the affinities of the primitive carbonic cell! That is scientific insanity! I will not accept a milder word." Had Mr. Price had the patience to read Darwin, he would, I think, somewhat have modified the trenchancy of such expressions as these; but something of their purport would, I feel sure, have remained. He was wonderfully delighted with a short essay by Dr. Lionel Beale, affirming the absolute incapacity of science to detect in the primitive germs of living organisms any difference which would explain why one has the capacity of developing into a man, one into a dog, one into a chicken, and so on. He resented all attempts to depress the spiritual side of man. "Our imaginations are our very

selves; is it not so?" he said on one occasion.

I suppose that the reconciliation of the heart and the head of man, the discovery of the relation between those truths which are necessary for his spirit's growth and those other truths of which the experience of his senses informs him, is the achievement for which man waits to accomplish his perfection. He stumbles on the way towards it now; there are those who tell him that science is all-sufficient for his well-being; and there are those who tell him that spiritual truth is delivered by authority only, and not amenable at all to the tests of experience. I do not think that Bonamy Price fell into either of these errors; but he was so vehemently adverse to the former of them that I think he sometimes forgot the danger there is of the latter.

In his own subject, political economy, the incisive practical character of his mind told much more effectively than it could have done in the pure sciences. He always denied political economy to be a true science, declaring it to be nothing more than an explanation of processes; and he illustrated (in a letter) the difference between the two thus:—

The farmer knows that manure, and hoeing, and deep ploughing, create a better crop. I have heard no one call this science. . . . No one calls putting seed in the ground, and not leaving it on the surface, an agricultural scientific law, though clearly it is a thing to be done. Botany, which is a science, will tell me the reason why; will explain what the ground does for the seed.

It is clear, of course, that the interest of botany lies in discovery, whereas the interest of farming lies in the practical results attained; and I apprehend that it is this admixture of the practical interest in political economy (not as a mere corollary, but as a cardinal element) which produces the difference which Professor Bonamy Price felt and affirmed to exist between this and a true science. A true science, such as astronomy or botany, has practical uses; but in astronomy or botany these uses are separable from the theory and subordinate to it. Whereas in farming or navigation the practical result is too paramount ever to be forgotten; take it away, and the theory becomes a set of fragmentary observations. Is there not much reason for classing political economy with the last-named subjects, rather than with the former? I am sensible, however, that in giving this rationale of the matter

I am going a little beyond what Professor Bonamy Price said himself.

Of his economical writings generally it must be said, that they are distinguished for their lucidity. Even the very judicial critic in the *Athenæum* of January 14th, 1888, admits that his "Principles of Currency" are a "model of lucid exposition." Who has ever put the argument for free trade better, I will even venture to add, so well?

A nation which does not sell cannot buy. This is the first, absolute, incontestable truth on which Free Trade reposes. "Not so," many thoughtlessly reply, "the foreigner is ready enough to sell us his corn or his iron, and to be paid for them; all the world is willing to do that. He will gladly take our money, but he will have nothing to say to our goods. England, then, loses her wealth, her money; she carries on a losing trade to the great injury of her people." Those who use such language are profoundly ignorant of what money is and does, nor do they perceive that their argument involves a very palpable absurdity. England can certainly buy abroad so long as she has gold and silver to send away, but as she does not herself produce these metals largely, it is obvious that such a trade must soon come to an end. When the stock of gold is gone, all purchasing abroad must cease, till she has acquired a fresh supply of gold. But how is she to procure it, except by persuading foreign countries to send it in exchange for her goods? The fact always remains the same, that England buys abroad with the produce of her industry, for she has nothing else to buy with. . . . Let those who are backsliding into Protection be asked for a categorical answer to the question, Can and will the foreigner give away his goods to any country without insisting on receiving back, directly or indirectly, an equal quantity of that country's goods?—let the question be pushed home, and all talk about injury to domestic industry must cease. (*Practical Political Economy*, pp. 305-307.)

He admitted, indeed, that on non-economical grounds the doctrine of free trade might admit of some qualification; but practically he did not think that such qualification came to much. Not less lucid is his account of the true nature of a crisis in what is called the money market.

It is a common habit with traders and many writers to regard these panics as mere monetary events. They are treated as purely banking occurrences—as Stock Exchange phenomena—as ordinary results of speculation or gambling—as the products of errors about gold and currency. But such a view is radically mistaken. Such a crash of falling houses could never occur were not the ground beneath them undermined. We must seek for

the cause of the storm in the field of action of the banker. Banking, it must never be forgotten, transfers goods from the hands of one man to those of another; what has the borrower done with them? is the vital question. This is no affair of money, though the loans are calculated in money. Has the trader, the merchant, the manufacturer preserved the wealth, the goods which the banker has placed at his disposal? Or has he destroyed and lost them? The whole issue lies here. If the wealth is consumed, without being reproduced in another form, the banker must lose his loan; and if this has happened to many banks and banking accounts the crisis is inevitable. . . . In every case a destruction of wealth precedes the panic as its cause. The losses have been made before the crisis begins. (*Practical Political Economy*, pp. 466, 467.)

I will not quote more. But his power of teaching and lecturing on his own subject was so remarkable, that I conclude by giving a description of it which a lady who attended his Clifton lectures (Miss Isabel Rawson—to whom I am indebted also for a previous remark given in this article, and for other information) has kindly supplied me with.

I was from home when Mr. Price began to deliver his first course of lectures in Clifton in the spring of 1874, and when urged on my return to attend the class, I replied that I did not care to do so, as I was sure no one could ever interest me in the dismal science. "Take a ticket for a single lecture, and then see if you will find Political Economy dismal any longer," was the answer. So I took a ticket and went. I was hardly seated when Mr. Price stepped briskly on the platform, without, as I noticed with surprise, any manuscript in his hand. His face distantly reminded me of Thiers, and that the likeness was striking was curiously proved a year or two later, when I took a little cousin to Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. The boy suddenly pointed to a bust of the great statesman, and exclaimed: "There's the gentleman who called on you yesterday!" But I had no time that February morning to dwell on resemblances. Mr. Price had begun to speak, indeed, had the audience already in his grasp. The hall was full of women of varied ages, tastes, and attainments, but all were trying hard to think. I had entered the room in a mood of indifference about "the origin and foundation of property," and in less than ten minutes I found myself ardently desiring to get to the core of the subject. I had before sat at the feet of first-rate teachers, men of profound scholarship, who had lectured to us with power and eloquence on popular literary subjects; but anything so mentally exhilarating as this I had not even imagined. Such an imperative calling forth of the intellectual faculties, such a strenuous keeping them at work when called forth, was an absolutely new

sensation. We forgot ourselves, each other, in our eagerness to discover that for which our teacher urged us and helped us to search. So it seemed the most natural thing in the world to do what probably none of us had ever done before — answer *visâ voce* questions in a public hall; nay, more, to submit to be cross-questioned, *kept at it*, until we saw. It gave Mr. Price no pleasure for us to accept a thing because he said it. He quickly detected an echo. I remember that on one occasion a lady gave a remarkably lucid answer to a currency question. His face lighted up with pleasure, and then he asked suspiciously: "Have you read my 'Principles of Currency'?" "Last week," she replied. A shade of disappointment passed over his brow, and then a touch of humor played about his lips as he added with ready kindness: "I am very much obliged to you for reading it." But we all felt he had far rather she had tried to work out the problem for herself. Some five years later, in an address delivered to the students and friends of Bristol University College, Mr. Goschen told us that he had found it "an uncommonly difficult process," when as a lad he had been first compelled to think at Mr. Price's Greek Testament and History lectures in the celebrated form of "The Twenty" at Rugby. Some of his hearers were not surprised. Mr. Price was very particular about the form in which we expressed our answers, insisting upon simplicity and clearness. Nothing delighted him more than an accurate thought clothed to terse, lucid words. Hence his enthusiastic appreciation of what he called my friend's "ideal answer," "progressive desire." A lady once described Political Economy to him as "Everyday life written in long words." He was charmed with what he considered the truth of the first half of the sentence and the sarcasm which lurked in its conclusion. Mr. Hutton has alluded to the remarkable way in which Mr. Price could throw off the didactic attitude of mind, and merge the teacher in the friend. Nothing could be truer. His humility was constantly taking one by surprise. So was the sympathetic fairness of a man who felt keenly and decidedly. He had very definite views, but he could understand, and even (in a sense) admire that with which he did not at all agree. I never remember his questioning the motives of those from whom he most strongly differed. He had singularly few prejudices, and these were usually bereft of their sting by his acknowledging them to be prejudices. I remember his once apologizing for refusing to read the works of a great modern writer of whose character he disapproved. "I *can't* read them," he said, with a curious mixture of obstinacy and penitence. Of one thing, however, he was confessedly intolerant — of lawlessness in any disguise, whether in Church or State. It gladdened him to believe that law was written on the English as on the Roman heart; for he believed that law was the only guarantee of liberty. He had

little sympathy with the excuse made for the law-breakers, "they follow their consciences;" "Yes," he would reply, in the famous words of his old friend, Archbishop Whately: "as a man follows the horse he drives before him!" He never allowed himself to be carried away by mere feeling. He took note of the bearings of things, and used to lament over what he characteristically called "the worship of detached ideas," which he said was the malady of this age. I have spoken of the high value he set on accuracy of expression, but no one insisted more strongly that there are regions where accuracy of expression is impossible. He did not believe in pretentious mysticism, but he had far too much common sense not to believe in mystery — in partially hidden facts and truths.

There is much more that I should like to say, if space allowed, of Professor Bonamy Price. I have not spoken of his capacity of taking interest in every person he met. Never did he regard any one as beneath him; and to his friends he was the most loyal of men, quick to discern every good quality. I have said hardly anything of his Rugby work. Very distinguished in later life have been many of the pupils he had there. "Nothing," says Mr. Goschen, who was one of these, "could exceed the vivacity with which Professor Bonamy Price used to teach history." He sat on several royal commissions; and on one of these he did a piece of work of which he was specially (and, I think, justly) proud. This was the herring fishery commission of 1856; the object of which was to inquire into the desirability of continuing the brand which government imprinted on the barrels of herrings sent up by the Scotch fishermen for sale at the markets of London and other large towns.

"Now," said Mr. Price, "I knew that practically the commission was sent to advise the discontinuance of these brands; I set out with that view myself. But on inquiry, I found that the Government brand was the only thing that prevented the small fisherman from being overpowered and swept off the field by larger competitors. With the brand, he was on the level with them; without it, he was nowhere. Who, living at a distance, would trust the excellence of a nameless fisherman's wares? but when stamped by Government, they were recognized to be trustworthy. I convinced my colleagues of this (there was one exception); and though sent to advise the contrary, our report was to the effect that the brands should be continued. The Scotch fisherman preserved his ability to sell; and that was the best piece of work I ever did."

It will be admitted that such a piece of

work (whether Mr. Price was technically to be termed a Liberal or not) was truly Liberal in its principle.

Mr. Price died in his eighty-first year. He had done his work; and never can I think that death is, under these circumstances, to be deeply lamented; certainly not by those who hold that a nobler life beyond the grave awaits those who have labored faithfully here. Perhaps I may be permitted to conclude my account of him with a few lines which have already appeared in print:—

Who that beheld and knew thee, but would fain

Preserve thy image for the coming race?

The prompt, quick mien; the vivid, mobile face;

Broad brow, firm lip; the invigorating strain
Of converse; argument, that ne'er would gain

A point unfairly; tales that ran apace,

Not scant, nor overfull; the softer grace

And tenderer manner, growing with life's wane.

Children would fly yet seek thee, half dismayed

But wholly mirthful; every living thing

Felt thy electric presence, and was stirred.

Now all thy cares, thy thoughts, with God are laid

In silent peace, till thy eternal spring

Blossoms at bidding of our Father's word.

J. R. MOZLEY.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE PEAK OF TENERIFE.

"SINCE experience proves that a man cannot breathe on the top of the Peak of Tenerife . . ." From this unsound predicate, Jacob la Pereyre, an ancient author writing about the universal deluge, makes the terrible deduction that if the flood had risen a few yards higher no one would have been able to breathe in the ark.

Before mountain-climbing came into fashion, others besides this old writer had exaggerated ideas of the peak. Gregorio Leti, a biographer of Philip II., says of it: "There is in Tenerife a mountain so immeasurably high, that it is impossible to climb it without great difficulty, and in less than three days. Hence it is believed to be the highest in the world. Nevertheless, it is said that from its base to its very summit, are to be found the dwelling-places of a number of people, absolutely wild and cruel, and that they are more like ferocious beasts than reasonable beings." Even so late as the beginning of this century, certain geographers held to the opin-

ion that the peak was nowhere surpassed in height. But this *ipse dixit* of Leti's about natives residing on the summit of the peak is very odd, when we remember that for centuries this has been a crater of hot sulphur. A man might as well be said to reside in a half-quiescent limekiln.

Neither the Guanches (as the aborigines of Tenerife were called) nor the early Spaniards who succeeded them felt much affection for the peak itself. Its very name was hurtful to polite ears—*Echeyde*, "Hell." Its present name is a clear transition from the Guanche word, the Peak of Teide. So long ago as 1402, in a navigation treaty between England and France, reference is made to the piracies of a certain Norman, Bethencourt, the original conqueror of some of the Canaries, and to Tenerife as the "Ile d'Enfer." And certainly if in the Middle Ages the cone rising from the sea more than twelve thousand feet was (as it is said to have been) in a state of constant eruption, the sight of it, visible according to Humboldt for a circuit of two hundred and sixty leagues, must have been uncommonly impressive to generations of men prone to see diabolical agency in all uncomfortable phenomena of nature. Hence, too, the Spanish peasants called it "the Devil's Cauldron, in which all the food of hell is cooked."

Considering this ugly reputation of the peak, it may well be worth the historian's while to record the first ascent of it by a governor-general of the islands. This feat, which none of his predecessors had ever dared to attempt, was successfully achieved by Don Andres Bonito, on August 21, 1743. One can hardly doubt that his adventurous Excellency was thankful to find himself safe back in his palace, and amazed, on reflection, that he had met with so few perils and horrors in the climb.

Perhaps the first detailed account of an ascent is that by Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, in the infantine days of the Royal Society. It narrates the trials of certain English merchants in 1650. These gentlemen were probably the local agents for the sale in England of the Canary wine, which still kept its fame. But their loyalty was soon to be shrewishly acknowledged by the marriage of Charles II. with a Portuguese princess, and the consequent patronage of Portuguese, and, notably, Madeira wines, to the detriment of the Canaries. They got to the top, having felt many portentous tremblings of the earth on the way. But when they came to open the luncheon-basket they found

the wine so congealed that they could not drink it before warming it, the brandy with hardly any strength left in it, and the wind so vigorous that they could scarcely drink the health of the king of England, or fire a volley in honor of his Majesty. These good royalists were, no doubt, made much of when they safely returned to the lowlands.

But let the truth be told. Of all the mountains on the globe, there can be few of the same height as the peak to compare with it for the ease with which it may be ascended. Though its final three thousand five hundred feet are steep, with an inclination of from 35° to 42° , the average slope is not more than 12.30° . From first to last life is never endangered. It is not even necessary to pass a night on it. By leaving Orotava in the evening, and travelling through the darkness by the aid of the moon or torches, it is possible to be on Teide by sunrise. Nor is the night that is conventionally spent between the big boulders known as the English halting-place (*Estancia de los Ingleses*) by any means so arduous an experience as one expects to find it. A camp in the open air at an elevation of ten thousand feet ought to be a little trying; and that is all that it is. But when the deed is done, and duly subjected to quiet analysis in retrospect, one is forced to admit that the toil is very trivial, and amply requited by the scenic and other rewards attendant upon it.

We made our ascent on May 11 and 12. By the Spaniards it was thought to be rather soon in the year; to their warm imaginations, the least snow seems a very formidable obstacle to mountain-climbing. What, then, were they likely to think of the two Englishmen who, so early as March 12, together with two or three ladies, had dared to make the trip! Indeed, events seemed to prove that these brave compatriots of ours were somewhat harebrained. For though they safely reached the top, over the sheets of ice which masked the Piton, as the cone is called, it was at no little risk, seeing that they were unprovided with ice-axes. Moreover, they were so unfortunate as to fall out with their guides, who stayed below, leaving them to their own bold will. And as for the ladies, they gave it up after a while, reserving what little strength and breath remained to them for the congratulation of their lords when these descended with the glow of victory upon them. But for many weeks after this exploit the Spaniards of Tenerife used the word *loco*

(madman) and Englishman synonymously. Nor dare I repeat for English readers what a stalwart old hidalgo said to me in free comment upon the part played by our countrywomen in the excursion.

We started from the port of Orotava at seven o'clock in the morning, under the care of Diego Zamorra, a guide. Zamorra is not the best guide of the place, but his betters happened to be out of the way on this occasion. We were a party of three *caballeros*, and to look after our horses and attend the two mules that accompanied us laden with overcoats and dressing gowns to keep us warm in the night, Diego took with him a brace of stout boys; so that in all we mustered six human beings and five brute beasts. As provisions we carried good store of roast chickens, soup, eggs, bread, butter, and cheese, and some bottles of wine, all provided by our hotel, and lastly, a barrel of water. The water was a very important article of freight, for we were destined to traverse a parching desert of pumice sand, quite devoid of springs, and for more than twenty-four hours to be wholly dependent for our supply upon what we carried.

Our cavalcade made a stir as we rode through the streets of the red-roofed little town. Diego and the boys knew every one we met—from the big, brown, bare-chested driver of the span of oxen going out into the fields, to the withered little old crone hurrying her goat from door to door, with a tin cup in her hand to measure the milk she sold as she went. It is not every day that Teide is assailed, and therefore people of all ages and many different professions came to their doors when they heard our men's proud babble to their friends about the Englishmen and *el Pico*.

Nor was I less elated than the men. It was a charming day. The sea below us did but ripple under the blue sky, save where it beat itself into white foam on the rough black lava shore. The country was in summer beauty. By the roadside were dense clusters of scarlet geraniums. Oleanders sweetened the air. The vines had leafed and begun to blossom. The fig-trees and mulberries were darkening with ripe fruit. Myriads of poppies, red and yellow, brightened the grain-fields, though here and there a bronze patch showed that some barley had already been cut and carried. Stately palms, broad bananas, glossy eucalypti, and eccentric aloes were at home on all sides of us, cheek by jowl with the humble daisies of our own less luxuriant land. The villas of this happy

country were as gay as its vegetation. They were red, blue, buff, green, yellow, white, or brown, sometimes stencilled in pretty patterns, always bowered in foliage, and with a large tank of water close at hand for the irrigation of the gardens, and the accommodation of their respective colonies of noisy little green frogs. It were audacious to try to describe the vale of Taoro. To form the shadow of an idea of it, imagine an amphitheatre of cultivated country about two leagues in length, and two leagues in breadth from the seashore to the top of the mountain ridge, some six or seven thousand feet high, which encircles it landwards; enliven the landscape with towns and villages, church spires and domes illumined by the sun; and add a fringe of woods where the land is three thousand feet above the sea, and thin blue columns of smoke rising from the midst of the upper trees, betokening the charcoal-burner at his labor. In fact, this vale of Taoro or Orotava is reputed to be one of the most beautiful valleys on the earth. And on this particular day, add a straight bank of still, black cloud, which hangs down the mountain-side to within about three thousand feet from the sea. We cannot see through or above the cloud. But our climb through and above the cloud is to be the first great stage of our work towards the Pico. The Pico itself is invisible; for some occult reason the bank of cloud over the valley had not lifted for nearly a fortnight. Thus, though Teide might be viewed to perfection from the sea at a distance of forty or fifty miles from Tenerife, we at its very feet were precluded from the briefest sight of it.

Conspicuous in the vale of Orotava are two remarkable humps, rising several hundred feet above the level of the country round them. They are volcanic, of course. Their shape and general color show that clearly, even were there no lava stream running from the depression in the side of the one nearest to us. The lava is fast disintegrating, to be sure. Some of it is already reclaimed; pines and fig-trees are growing upon it. Only the other day I had visited the house of an English lady on the edge of this very lava where it nears the coast, and found a croquet-lawn set with its hoops and sticks under the shade of dragon-trees and palms, and hedged with yellow jessamine, Indian pinks, bougainvillea, and bushes of the beautiful mauve plumbago. These humps are little else than mammoth cinder-heaps, in part coated with grass and bushes; but

the cinders have a purple sheen upon them that differentiates them notably from the common ashes of our cinder-heaps. It is uncertain when these small excrescences on the flank of the peak appeared. The Guanche traditions ascribed them to the thirteenth century; and the lava just mentioned is said to have run out in 1430. Other blue veins score the valley from the mountain background towards the sea. But these are not lava flows. They are the river-beds, which carry off the mountain surplus of rain. Once or twice in a century the Canaries receive more rain than they can well accommodate; in 1826, for example, when Orotava was ravaged by the waters. But ordinarily the river-beds are dry; their blue stones serve the countrywomen as drying-grounds for their clothes; and here and there a peasant has insulted them by planting and reaping a good crop of potatoes in the very middle of the stream. The average annual rainfall is only thirteen or fourteen inches.

In the mean time we have climbed to the village of Palo Blanco, almost on the hem of the overhanging cloud. Tropical vegetation is below us now; we are among chestnut-trees just breaking into leaf, potato-fields two months later than those on the sea-level, barley of the most meagre kind, and pear and cherry-trees instead of figs, bananas, and apricots. Close at hand, to the right, is the precipitous wall of Tigayga, about seven thousand feet above the sea. It is in the profoundest shadow, thanks to the clouds. Not even the fresh verdure of its ravines can do much to modify the gloom of its great precipices. Here, sheltering under its lee, are the two famous villages of Realejo, Upper and Lower. They mark the site of prime incidents in the conquest of the island by the Spaniards in 1496. Bencomo, the king of Taoro, and chief prince of Tenerife, had retreated before Lugo and his Spaniards to this extremity of his realm. For three years he had kept the Spaniards at bay. Once he had beaten them in fair fight, killing nine hundred out of an army of twelve hundred. But a terrible pestilence broke out among the Guanches soon after this victory, and carried off thousands of them. Thanks to the pestilence rather than to their own might, the Spaniards henceforward held the country at their mercy. But for a crowning combat, the two armies — of Guanches, armed with clubs, axes, and javelins mounted with flakes of obsidian from the Peak, and of Spaniards in coats of mail, leathern jerkins, and with all the

weapons of European usage — put themselves into position here on this slope, some two thousand feet above the sea. *Realejo* is the Spanish for camp. The Spaniards held the upper ground, and the Guanches the lower. And it was here, where the spire of the church of Upper Realejo marks the land, that poor old Bencomo (as noble a savage as ever did honor to savagedom) determined to arrest further slaughter of his people by resigning his realm to the king of Spain on condition that the Guanche natives were not despoiled of their property, and by accepting the baptism that the Spaniards pressed upon him as one of the chief articles in his bond of surrender. The king of the Guanches was more of a *caballero* than the knights and titled adventurers of Spain. He was generous himself, and he trusted too much to the generosity of the conquerors. And so within a little while he died in Europe, whither he was taken to grace the fame of Lugo, the leader of the Spaniards, much as the old Roman proconsuls took with them captive kings to Rome to enhance their triumphal processions. Bencomo's noble history, and the requited love of his daughter Dacil for a Spanish *hidalgo* in the suite of the conqueror, are both told in an old epic of the Canaries by Antonio de Viana. It had been better, perhaps, for the Guanche king if he had once more made "the green fields red with blood," instead of allowing himself to be baptized from policy, not conviction, on the site still commemorated by the white spire of the church of Upper Realejo.

As Palo Blanco offers us our last chance of fresh water, we make a halt by its fountain. One by one the animals are allowed to take a long and a strong pull. Poor beasts! they seem to know that they have an unpleasant prospect in store for them. They drink and drink until Diego wrenches them violently from the trough; and then they stand aside and watch the next animal having its turn, with eager eyes and nervous ears, ready to make a rush the moment the man's attention is relaxed.

Hitherto, the track has been a not inconsiderable thoroughfare. We have had some rocks and stones to clamber over which we would have avoided if we could, but we have never been out of touch with human beings. We met many women with eggs on their heads, or a comely hen, wrapped in a silk handkerchief, tucked under the arm. They trod barefooted, admirably poised, and gave us cheerful

greeting as they passed us. In the fields, too, men were weeding or hoeing their potatoes. And boys and girls, bright-eyed and alert, seemed ever on the lookout for such objects of interest as strangers. "Mariquita!" screams a beldame from her hovel porch to a well-grown child who is at work in the fields a hundred yards ahead of us, "make haste and be ready to ask the gentlemen for a quartite when they pass you." A quartite is rather less than a halfpenny, but it is enough to stir the desire of Mariquita; and so, when we reach the boundary of her field, there she stands, both her large brown eyes full of appeal, and her brown little palms outstretched as she beseeches for a "quartite, Señor — quartite!" This unabashed begging is quite a curious feature in Tenerife since English people have acquired the habit of visiting the island. The children seem to beg spontaneously, whether they want anything or not. They plead laughingly, but with a perseverance that is generally adapted to provoke anything rather than laughter in their victims. However, this time we sent Mariquita back to her potatoes with a smile of real contentment on her face, and ere we were in the clouds we could hear her singing away like the larks around her, while she broke the red earth with her old-fashioned hoe.

For the next half-hour or more we ascend through a sparse wood of heaths, with the fog grey and persistent all around us. We naturally button our coats as we enter this zone of vapor. It is only for a minute or two, however, as we soon realize that the cloud is a dry cloud, and that we are rising through it to a region of heat instead of cold. We have gone but a little way, in fact, ere it is apparent that the sun is shining brilliantly above us. And so, at an altitude of four thousand and thirty feet, we emerge from the shadows, and look around to discover that we are in the clear upper air, with a sky of the purest blue over our heads, and a powerful sun in the heavens. The summits of the lower slopes of the Peak and the long back of Tigayga seem close to us in this refined atmosphere. They are invested in a very lovely coral-pink and blue light, through which the scant bushes of *retama*, which alone bespread them, gleam like spots of silver grey. Towards the head of the Guimar valley, on the south side of the island, the rocks are a dazzling crimson, due to the ferruginous nature of their volcanic earth. But the oddest impression of all is that caused by the very clouds just left beneath us.

They stretch from the one great mountain flank of the valley to the other — the dark masses looming from them like islets in a sea. The vapor hangs motionless in mid-air, with a broad, undulating surface in the most curious of contrasts with the distant fringe of blue sea, which forms our horizon, I know not how many miles away. The cloud was light enough when we were enfolded in it, but, viewing it at our feet, and from the untroubled upper air, we feel disposed to pity our friends in Orotava, that they are cloaked from the sun by a nebulous stratum of such evident weight, opacity, and obstinate determination. It is a distinct migration from northern to southern climes. Swallows are soaring about our heads, happy in the sunlight, and quite careless of the fact that they are nearly a vertical mile above the sea.

But with this change in our surroundings begins the real heat and toil of the day. Of course, there is no more shade to be expected. The only vegetation hence to the other side of the Peak ten miles away is the retama, a shrub in close affinity with the

Odorata ginestra,

Contenta dei deserti . . . ;

and though on the pumice plains the retama broadens so that its branches attain a total girth of forty or fifty feet, it is never tall enough to cast a shadow of service to man. The track winds upwards by tiny defiles in the grey rock débris, until it brings us to a land of absolute desolation. From slopes of yellow pumice dust, hard to climb, and suffocating alike to man and beast, we pass to masses of reddish lava, sharp and irregular, and to the eye as fresh and capable of annoyance as if it had flown forth from the side of the Peak only the other year. The brilliant lichens which fasten upon the lower lava, and hasten its decomposition, are lacking here. Everything, in short, is lacking, save the burning sun above us, which radiates from the fused iron under our feet to a degree that makes us gasp.

Under these circumstances, it is hard to condemn our guides for the want of self-control that is proverbial with them in an ascent of Teide. They are forever in the wake of the mule that carries the water-barrel, and one after the other seizes a moment when he thinks he is unobserved to pull out the plug, and tilt some liquor down his parched throat. "Muy bonito!"* remarks Diego, with a

most inconsequent wave of the hand over these hideous mounds of red and russet lava, and under this pretence of devotion to the interests of his employers, whom he hopes he has thereby adequately diverted from himself, he goes in the rear to the barrel. After a time, however, we decide to keep our water-mule in front. A little of such larceny is permissible, whereas much might be disastrous.

We are more than five thousand feet up before we round the mountain shoulders sufficiently to get our first view of the Peak from high ground. It peeps over a near heap of scoriæ, with an affectation of littleness that might have deceived us. But the guides were on terms of acquaintance with it, of course, and hailed the diminutive pink-purple cone with a shout of "El Pico! El Pico de Teide!" that was very convincing. By-and-by we saw more of it. The ethereal beauty of its summit was modified by the stern black lava pyramid upon which it appeared to stand; even though the lava, in its turn, was made somewhat less depressingly gloomy by the white veins of snow which scored it. It continued to swell upwards, as, little by little, we rose to the level of the great crater-bed of the Cañadas in the middle of which it is set with the completest symmetry, so that by one o'clock, when we were on the skirts of the crater, and six thousand feet above the sea, we saw it before us from base to summit. It was then a superb spectacle, but its angle of elevation seemed so very steep that I fancy we viewed it with feelings of alarmed respect as much as admiration. But we were tired and scorched, and not in a fit state for judicious appraisal of the old volcano's difficulties. And long ere we had finished our lunch — sprawled on the hot sand in the middle of a Titanic coil of scoriæ, and under an improvised screen of dressing-gowns and retama bushes — we voted the Peak a hill of infinite assumption, and ourselves able to manage a mountain twice its height, with guides or without them.

The ascent of Teide from Oratava may be conveniently divided into a certain number of stages. Of these the first must end with the Monte Verde, or Green Mountain, where we were in the cloud and among the heaths. The second is the Portillo, or entrance to the Cañadas. We were close to it when we lunched at mid-day. It is an imaginary gate to the third stage, the Plano de Retamo, or Plain of the Retama — a wearisome plateau of yellow pumice, diversified with blocks and small fragments of obsidian, and studded

* "Very pretty!"

with the welcome shrub that gives it its name. This plain, be it understood, is the ancient crater of Tenerife, from which the Pico proper soars upwards. It is about eight miles in diameter, from seven to eight thousand feet above the sea, and girded by the angular rocks of the Cañadas, striking contortions of brilliant reds and browns in color, and in places two thousand feet above the plateau itself. Where we enter the plain by the Portillo, the Cañadas rocks seem to have been carried away by a ponderous stream of old lava. The gate is, in fact, forced; the toilsome climb across the scoræ antecedent to our lunch-time was over the molten mass which ages ago had wrought their ruin on the circle of the Cañadas. The fourth stage of the ascent is the passage of the Montana Blanca, a rounded hump at the foot of the Pico, and of a pumice material rather whiter than that in the plain. The fifth stage includes the first thousand feet of the climb up the pyramid, a tedious course amid lava and obsidian in immense blocks, terminating at the Estancia de los Ingleses. Here is a level space upon which are poised two or three great boulders of rock about twenty feet high. It has acquired so recommendatory a name from the fact that our countrymen have been content to try to sleep between these stones on their way up to the final crater. I do not know when the place was so christened. Early in the eighteenth century it had the name. Possibly, therefore, it memorializes the halt of the party of scientists who paid the Peak a visit in the reign of Charles II. These gentlemen obtained special ambassadorial permission to make experiments on Teide. The Spanish envoy at the court of St. James's thought they were joking when they declared their purpose of crossing the sea to weigh the air on the summit of the Peak of Tenerife. He repeated the joke to Charles II. himself, with much added laughter of his own, and was then rather disturbed to find that the king of England chanced to be one of the promoters of the Royal Society under whose auspices the expedition was being arranged. Accordingly one may assume that these valorous servants of science have given us this creditable mark of fame in a distant island of Spain. From the Estancia one ascends another thousand feet over sliding pumice of a very vexatious kind to the site called Alta Vista. Here is a white wood house in a sheltered recess. It is a solid erection that would soon be provided with a re-

freshment-contractor, and two or three beds for travellers interested in the sunrise, if the Peak of Tenerife were in England. As it is, the house belongs to a sulphur company still engaged in exploiting the sulphur of the Peak. Its door is kept locked, and only by its window is it possible to enter, in acrobatic fashion, among its pickaxes and mattocks. It was close to this house, ten thousand seven hundred feet above the sea, that Piazzi Smythe, in his laborious survey of the characteristics of the Peak, set up his tent some years ago, and lived for a while in extreme cold and extreme heat. Here, also, a few years later, Dr. Marcet followed Piazzi Smythe's example, and wondered with professional wonder how a constitution merely human could bear the test subjected to it, by a temperature of the sun's rays during the daytime of about 212° and a temperature at night of but 35° or 40° —a variation in twenty-four hours of 175° . The ledge of Alta Vista is the sixth stage of the ascent. The seventh is a slight semi-circuit of the final cone of the Peak known as the Rambleta, about another thousand feet higher than the sulphur-house. This is a dreadful pile of obsidian blocks and lava, thrown together by a pre-historic eruption. Between the masses there are innumerable fissures into which it would be awkward to slip. And yet for all this thousand feet of vertical rise the ascent has to be made by a series of careful skipplings from lava point to obsidian edge, and from obsidian edge to lava point. One is fortunate to reach the Rambleta with no worse wounds than barked shins and bleeding hands.

At the Rambleta the work seems done. The rosy Peak is just above, at the head of a fine straight slope, only some five hundred feet high. But this slope is at an angle of from 40° to 42° . Moreover, it is little else than a cone of fine ash and dust. Humboldt has averred that an angle of 42° is the steepest that can be climbed over ground covered with volcanic ash. We may therefore take it for granted that this final pull up the Peak to the crater rim, which is the eighth and last stage of the climb, is all but impossible. It is certainly an insufferable flounder. But it may be avoided by bearing to the left, and scaling a lava flow which dives from the actual crater.

After luncheon amid the lava, we were ready for the third stage of our travel—the Retama Plain. In the records of those ancient explorers who published their narratives in quartos or among the

pages of learned periodicals, the trials to be endured from this pumice are said to be severe. I expected to be blinded by the glare of the sun reflected from it, and choked by the dust eddied by the wind and stirred by the feet of our horses. No such thing, however. The sun was hot, but was so far from depriving the landscape of interest by the torture it inflicted that I recall this pale yellow plain, broken with purpled pinnacles of molten rocks, and bestrewn with the silvery green retama bushes, as one of the most completely picturesque countries in my experience. Here and there the retama had been burnt, and the long whitened trunks and roots where they had been pulled from the soil lay along it like the bleached bones of some extinct mammoth. But little imagination was necessary to make us fancy ourselves in a section of the Sahara untrodden by man, and invaded by beasts only at the peril of their lives. Again, according to the old voyagers, who ought to have been tough enough, the cold on this plain is as acute as the heat of the sun is prodigious. Their finger-nails became discolored, they lost the use of their hands, and the skin of their lips roughened to such a degree that they bled when they talked. Well, I would not discredit such records; but none of these incidents came to diversify the monotony of our tramp across the desert. After the Peak, with which by this time we were thoroughly at home, nothing took our attention like the water-barrel. Of course the dust irritated our eyes, but this was only a trivial novelty in the midst of a scene which, with its constituent parts, was wholly novel and absorbing. Two or three patches of snow in the sheltered side of the Montana Blanca informed us of our slow but certain progress upwards. Two or three hawks skimming in this clear blue air were the only objects to remind us that we had other living beings in our vicinity. The almost inaudible thud of our animals' hoofs in the hot sand, their quickened breathing, and that of the men, were the only sounds to be heard in this still, soundless plain. The clouds, now far below us, yet fenced the lower world from us like the broad brim of a hat. We seemed in another zone of life, with a bluer sky and an intenser sun dominant over us.

With occasional brief halts to rest the animals and allow the men to wipe their streaming faces and begin a fresh cigarette, we continued to the foot of the actual pyramid. The view upwards is here instructive and extraordinary. All of the

steep slope that we can see at one glance is seamed with black lava rivers. These are of lengths as various as their courses. Some have run down to the plain and mixed with the pumice. For the most part they do not overstep the slope. Here they have cooled, and here, under ordinary atmospheric influences, they ought long ago to have decomposed and formed a soil more or less cultivable. But the atmosphere at this altitude is extraordinary, and so these rivers are preserved in all their freshness. The pumice beneath them is also littered with a number of vast red-brown spherical boulders, natural bombshells, spewed from the Peak in the course of centuries, and sent rolling down the slopes until they have come to rest about four thousand feet from their starting-point. Orotava lies north-east of the Peak, but we have to make a *détour* ere beginning to climb the pyramid. So sharp is the twelve thousand feet rise from the sea to the north and northwest that, with a good impetus, a stone might perhaps bound from the crater mouth and never cease moving until it fell into the sea, several miles distant.

Our day's work is almost over at this point. It is already four o'clock — time we were making our beds, building a house, and laying the supper-table. With this cheerful prospect before us, therefore, we worm our way up the shoulder, breasting current after current of lava, and grinding the pumice into a powder that soon paints us all a bilious ochre color from head to toe. The men do not dissemble their groans. Eight hours of pedestrianism is much for a Spaniard, and these Tenerifans are not stoics. Even the barrel cannot give them much satisfaction now; for the heat and the shaking have brewed its contents into the semblance of a liquor no more appetizing than a puddle in a claypit. In fact, we all hail the rocks of the Estancia; and even the bits of beer-bottles, the rigid crusts, and the relics of tins that once held potted lobster, are welcomed as genial indications that we are in a measure at home, rather than as nauseating proofs that nothing is sacred from the invasion of civilized beings. The horses are soon tethered. They know the Estancia, and instinctively go to the spot where they lingered through a restless night the last time they were up the Peak, maybe a month ago. As for the men, their first impulse is to indulge in *dolce far niente*. We have, therefore, to brisken them a little, point to the mellow glow creeping over the mountains and

plains beneath us as signs of the coming night; mark out our bedrooms, and send our chamberlains in quest of retama for our couches, for the big fire we purpose keeping up through the night to warm us, and for the little fire that is the first step towards supper. We take upon ourselves the more artistic task of building a wall on the weaker side of the opening between the rocks, of laying the table-cloth, and drawing corks. And when all these agreeable preliminaries are ended, there is time to walk to and fro in the pumice alongside the Estancia, and watch the death of the day. Our thermometer is at 45°, while the sun is yet above the horizon. But the sun's heat is by this time quite withdrawn from us, as we are on the southeast side of the mountain. Nor do we expect a much greater accession of cold than we already feel at this bracing height of 9,770 feet above the sea.

The sunset pageant was very odd and entrancingly beautiful. The stratum of cloud which we had traversed some six or seven thousand feet lower than the Estancia, still hung thick and unmoved below us. In fact, it girdled what of the island was visible to us, and the sea also to the horizon line. But, seventy miles away, the mountains of the island of Grand Canary pierced this dull grey corrugated cloud plain, and were dyed with rosy light. It was the same with the nearer island of Gomera, between Grand Canary and the west. As for the reddish rocks over Guimar, which we had already noticed earlier in the day, they were all of the color of fresh blood. Again, the plateau beneath us and the Cañadas cliffs put on the tenderest of tints. The pumice grew to a pale primrose and saffron, and the mountain pinnacles were of crimson, and brown, and red, merging into purple. But how rapidly the scenes changed! The shadows pursued the lights at a measurable speed. The air seemed to chill as the intenser colors faded. We thought it was all over, and were turning towards our camp, when suddenly another great beam of crimson light broke upon the land, the clouds, and the sea, this time from the western side of our slope. In the midst of the sunset splendor there was now a triangular shadow, clearly defined, the apex over the mountains of Grand Canary. As the sun sank, this shadow rose. It rose fast, so that soon it seemed to hang in the heavens, isolated, with the paling hues of sunset on all sides of it. A few minutes later and the stars were out. This shadow was the outline of the peak,

traced by the sun, and projected scores of miles seawards.

We were reminded of our altitude by a singular contrast during this sunset spectacle. About thirty miles from the Peak, in the north east extremity of Tenerife, are the hills of Anaga, bold and pleasing from the sea, but infantine compared with Teide. These hills we could see, peeping grey and subdued from under the clouds, while our upper air was still transfigured with sunlight. For them there had long been no sun. It was only for such monarchs as Teide that the sun continued to shine.

Of the night bivouac that followed I cannot speak enthusiastically. We made a roaring fire of retama logs, and the thick smoke thereof periodically drove into our faces. The men lay down in a concentric circle, wrapped in their blanket cloaks, with their heads towards the fire. They snored contentedly, and were as indifferent to the renewal of the fire as the excitement of my horse; the beast had some good blood in him, and neighed and threw up the earth whenever he saw anything he could not account for. However, the sparks now and then fell on a soft part of their skins, and made them jump up in despite of their wishes.

Although the thermometer went no lower than 42°, it was bitter cold. The rarity of the air had something to do with this, no doubt. I could not sleep at all, and found more pleasure in keeping patrol, tending the fire, and watching the ascent towards the zenith of the half-moon that was to guide us to the summit, than in trying to sleep. Moreover, one of my comrades had succumbed to the situation. The air and the exertion had made him sick. We mixed him some grog in a saucepan, using a lump of hard snow instead of water; but even the grog did not do everything. He admitted his disinclination to go on when the time came; and so there was nothing for it but to arrange a division of the party. They would not consent to my return, unsatisfied, with them; it was decided therefore that Diego should take me to the top, and one of the other men should accompany them back to Orotava. We were to start simultaneously at about two o'clock. The boy who was nominated to guide my friends homewards at first said he would do no such thing. He pleaded timidity, he wanted more sleep, he wanted to proceed to the top, etc. "I will not go," he said flatly. But a bribe made him revert from this lofty strain of obstinacy, and at

the appointed time my friends and I separated with an interchange of good wishes.

It was full night when we started upwards in the teeth of a gentle wind that pinched me like an Arctic zephyr. The moon was bright above us, too small to illumine our path completely, but sufficiently lustrous to cast a bewitching glamor over all the scene that was visible to us. The clouds lay below, still as ever, silvered like mother-o'-pearl. Irregular patches of snow, frozen hard, now and again loomed to the right and left of us from the stern, almost palpable, blackness of the lava. Had I had any superfluous energy to put at the disposal of my imagination, these phantom forms might have played pretty pranks with my head. But of this there was not the least chance. The climb was so severe that it monopolized every faculty. We slipped and slid on the pumice, stumbled over scoriæ half in shadow, and sent blocks of obsidian speeding down to our friends at the Estancia in our attempts to move upwards. It is *possible* to make this stage of the ascent on horseback. Some people have the hardihood and cruelty to accomplish it. But to the animals it is a terrible effort, and their riders at times have to pay for it by a fall backwards that might end disagreeably.

Humboldt says it took him two hours to reach Alta Vista from the Estancia. Diego and I did the work in less than an hour and a half, including the time spent in a humiliating number of rests. These were unavoidable; so great was the call upon our muscles; so persistently did I pant in this high atmosphere. But it was sweet encouragement at last to see the wooden sides of the sulphur-house close to us, and to realize that we were now only about fifteen hundred feet from the summit. Though doubtful if our friends could hear us, we signalled to them with loud whoops, which seemed to echo with weird emphasis from the "enormous masses of sublimity," as James Montgomery might have called the dark shapes in our vicinity.

But a surprise was in preparation for us. If ever a man may assure himself that he is unlikely to meet his fellow-beings, and most unlikely to come across an acquaintance, might he not do so on a small island in the Atlantic, eleven thousand feet above the level of that island, and at three o'clock in the morning? One would suppose so. At the moment, however, when I had given the word to Diego to move forwards, the figure of a man

appeared from below. At first this gentleman did not perceive us; and no sooner was he on the smooth ground than he thrust his fists into his sides, and began to dance a hornpipe under the vague light of our moon. But I soon arrested this uncanny exhibition of vitality by asking him who and what he was; and then we found that we were acquaintances. He was a Frenchman, the Count de la Mous-saye, with only a few days' holiday at his disposal; and he had come direct from Orotava, resting not at all on the way. Here, at Alta Vista, he purposed supping at the fine Parisian hour of three A.M. His guide followed him with the supper, and after a short survey of the house, which was only to be entered by a heavy wooden window-flap high up, one after the other we climbed to this vent, and vanished like harlequins within. A couple of candles were produced, a bottle of Madeira was uncorked, and the temptation to devote an hour to my new friend was so irresistible that I bade Diego join the other guide outside the house, where they both rolled themselves up in their blankets and slept until our pleasure was ended. It was really colder within than without the house; we discovered afterwards that a slab of ice several inches thick lay between the boards and the ground, adapting the building for a refrigerator with complete success.

At four o'clock we renewed the climb. It was that most cold of hours — the hour before the dawn. We were gradually narrowing the area of mountain shoulder which shielded us from the gusts that now whistled about us. And we had for a task the clamber over as pitiless a wreck of rocks and molten substances as the world can show. The least pressure of a finger upon the sharp points and edges of these scoriæ resulted in a scratch or an abrasion. Between the masses there were crevices and fissures of uncertain depth. The snow lay hard as iron in some of them. Others were caked with ice, where the internal heat of the mountain had melted the snow. Over this unpleasant tract we stepped daintily from pinnacle to pinnacle, in clear profile against the sky. Of little use was my alpenstock here. Rather, it became a snare, for the smooth obsidian boulders gave it no secure purchase, and more than once it earned me a fall that made me groan. After a while I turned it to account as a balancing pole; and as such it was not amiss. Thus, going in a very leisurely manner, we attained the Rambleta, or last stage but one of our work.

This is really another ancient crater of the Peak, from out of which, on an awful day, centuries or even millenniums ago, the sugar-cone or Piton of ash and lava was suddenly ejected, raising the height of the mountain by some five or six hundred new feet, and carrying the active crater upwards for the same distance. The Piton, or actual summit, is therefore the representative, the survival, of two old and expunged craters—the Rambleta and the Cañadas. Just as the Rambleta superseded the Cañadas, so the Piton has superseded the Rambleta. Before the last eruption from the centre of the mountain, the Peak of Tenerife was a truncated cone, like so many of the South American volcanoes. In fact, it is still so; but the area of the terminal crater now bears so very small a proportion to the great bulk of the mountain that one almost forgets that it is not absolutely pyramidal in shape—an isosceles triangle moulded by the hands of nature.

From the Rambleta we saw the sun rise. It was as memorable a show as the sunset of the previous evening. The clouds below were at first almost terrifying in their immobility, but they took glow after glow of brilliant hues that soon changed their character. Before the sun touched them they were like a limitless area of opaline terra-cotta, moulded by superhuman power. But the long crimson line in the east, many minutes before the appearance of the sun, colored them divinely, and prepared them for the saturating flood of golden light which streamed upon them when the sun did appear. The shifting scene of splendor that ensued is quite indescribable. At the outset, only the cone of the Peak was touched by the sunlight. The lower slopes, the hills, valleys, and the sea were all in grey shadow when this early flush came over us. It seemed to pause for a few moments on the dimpled crest of Teide, and then it moved downwards with smooth, continuous speed, as the sun rose high. We were soon absorbed in it. Then the mountains of Grand Canary came within its radius; and the island of Gomera, close to the left of us. The Cañadas next caught the glory, and in one rapturous instant the Plain of the Retama was spread with cloth of gold. Thus, for long minutes of time, we watched the gradual illumination of the lower world, until at length we knew that the sun had risen for the ships at sea as well as for us, twelve thousand feet above them. The Peak sees the sun nearly twelve minutes before it is visible from

its base. Of course, the day is similarly protracted in the evening. Hence the Peak's day is some twenty-four minutes longer than the common day in latitude 28°.

The curious phenomenon of the shadow of Teide was now repeated. The enormous pyramidal phantom was thrown from east to west. At its origin it fell over Gomera, only fifteen miles from Tenerife, and was distinctly of an isosceles shape. But the advance of the sun broadened its base and changed its direction, so that when, half an hour later, we saw it from the summit of the mountain, it was a burly equilateral, with the apex resting on the rosy tops of the Caldera of Palma, an island sixty miles to the west of Tenerife.

In the mean time we had to scale the Piton of ash and pumice. The first hundred feet were trying in the extreme, so abrupt is the slope, and so insecure the foothold. But afterwards, the going is firmer, though very steep. We were here in an atmosphere markedly sulphureous. Jets of vapor oozed from holes in the rock to the right and left of us; and the temperature of the vapor was insupportable to the hand. Sulphur in various forms took the place of pumice. We sank deep in the soft adhesive crust, which soon burned my boots so that they yawned conspicuously. It was really hard to breathe at all, what with the asphyxiating smell of the sulphur, the extreme rarity of the air, the nipping winds from all points, and the labor of the final climb. Dr. P—in Orotava had suggested that I should feel my pulse on the top of Teide: it was 140! But what did it matter? We had climbed the Peak, and here we were at six o'clock in the morning, with the world at our feet, and a blue sky above us that put all other blues to shame.

Certainly nothing could be more expressive than the name given to the crater of volcanoes like Teide—Caldera, or cauldron. It is but one step from the outer rim of the cone to the inner sheathing of the crater. A rugged wall of fused rocks skirts the basin; there is an opening in the wall; one passes through this opening, and, immediately, the foot sinks in the blanched burning sulphur where it slopes to the bottom of the crater. The rocks of this outer wall are a few feet higher in one part than elsewhere; this is the highest point of the Pico de Teide, and here for two or three mortally cold minutes I perched myself, half persuaded that the feeling of vertigo which has thrilled so many respectable travellers in

the same position was a sensation not to be doubted. This rock point is scarcely a yard in diameter. A mountain twelve thousand feet high could not culminate in a pinnacle much more satisfying to the imagination.

Had not the impermeable barrier of cloud, nearly two miles down, hung between us and the bulk of Tenerife, our view from the summit would no doubt have been prodigious. Even with the clouds it is not to be forgotten. Of the seven large islands that compose the archipelago of the Canaries, the mountains of Palma and Grand Canary, and the greater part of Gomera, were alone visible. It were easier to-day to see the coast of Africa than the coastline of Tenerife; but we saw neither. The whole circuit of the Cañadas was distinct in every detail, and the scarlet swellings on the south-west flank of the Peak. These are the result of the more recent lateral eruptions of Teide. Probably none of them are two centuries old. Their brilliant coloring, and that of the forest of vivid yellow pines, diving to the cloud-zone, refreshed the eye. But in the same direction, between the Peak and these hills, is one conspicuous volcanic boil that must not escape notice. It is the mountain of Chahorra, only about twenty-three hundred feet lower than Teide, and with a crater of beautiful formation at least a league in girth. From our standpoint we looked into this crater, and could mark the passage of the lava that streamed from it in 1798, when it was active for many weeks in succession. The rugged areas of desolation over which it broods tell their own story. But, however one might try to be judiciously sympathetic in one's survey, it was easier to admire the sombre bronzed and jetty colors of this lava under the unclouded sun than to think of the ruin it indicated.

The descent into Teide's crater is a matter of no difficulty. True, with pressure, my alpenstock went to the handle into the soft sulphur, but there was no danger of my sinking to the same extent. The heat was oppressive to a degree; the warm fumes stirred by our every displacement of the soil were very strong, and the white banks tried the eyes. Nevertheless, the crystals of sulphur, of many shades between pale yellow and dark orange, were quite irresistible, and I had soon given Diego as many specimens as he cared to carry. Humboldt dwells upon the iniquity of his guides in this particular. When his back was turned they

threw away the blocks of obsidian and pumice with which he burdened them. In praise of Diego, therefore, I must say that he did no such thing. Perhaps, however, it was rather because he had no vigor for revolt left in him, for he was by this time a piteously frozen object; the red and blue handkerchief which he had tied from his pate to his chin, to put warmth into his cheeks, harmonized only too well with their wintry hue, and all the while we were on the summit he was enthusiastic but once—in his hearty "Sí, Señor," of assent to my proposition that we should leave it.

No doubt it will be supposed that when we departed these sublime solitudes were left to themselves, to be untroubled by humanity for weeks and months. It were natural to think so. But ere we left it the romance of the Peak was totally destroyed by the arrival of ten burly countrymen, with mattocks on their shoulders. We watched them climbing the ash-cone, not a little amazed at the sight of them. They were merely beginning their day's work, however. No sooner had they accosted us with ten affable good-mornings than each man plunged into the crater, and began to dig up the sulphur. Conceive a person going nearly two miles and a half skywards ere he enters upon his daily labor! As for the risks attendant upon such labor, they are as nothing compared to the hideous desecration it implies.

In our descent we visited the famous ice cavern of Teide. It has the appearance of a chamber, or big bubble in the lava, going far into the bowels of the mountain; but investigation is difficult. Within was a pool of lustrous green ice, large enough to skate on, and the huge, contorted icicles uniting the pool to the roof of the chamber were beautiful beyond the dreams of a manufacturer of chandeliers. Hither in summer come the confectioners of Santa Cruz, the capital of Tenerife, to fetch ice for the compound of sweet, cooling drinks. Alas! how Teide's majesty seems lessened when one knows that it serves such various useful purposes!

Anon we were once more at the Estancia. The sun is broiling, and we cling to the shadow of the rocks of our bedchamber. Breakfast is spread, and we have fresh snow to cool our wine. M. le Comte protests that he is not tired, and indeed he talks like a man refreshed. But as for me, I am dead beat, so that when later we cross the terrible desert of pumice, with 120° of heat in the air around us, I sleep

fast in my saddle. At four o'clock in the afternoon we are again in Orotava, after an absence of thirty-six hours.

From The National Review.

PARALLELS TO HOMERIC LIFE EXISTING IN GREECE TO-DAY.

PROGRESSION is slow in all primitive societies, and no more primitive society can be found existing in modern times than that amongst the Greeks of the remoter islands off the coast of Asia Minor. Here we may find parallels without end to the life as recorded to us by contemporary Byzantine, Hellenistic, and classical writers, but the subjects of comparison on this broader basis are so numerous, and fraught with so many philological and ethnological intricacies, that I propose now to take exclusively the poems of Homer, and from the experiences of several winters passed amongst the peasants of these remoter islands to give the parallels which I have gathered, and which, I think, will establish quite as clear a continuity of custom and myth, as could be obtained from a perusal of Chaucer with regard to the continuity of custom and myth in England.

The festive and commemorative poems, and the death-wails of these people, which have been handed down from generation to generation, will prove of great assistance to us in this study. Individuals are still chosen as bards amongst them, whose vocation in life gives them leisure for composition and committing to memory; the blind man plays the lyre and sings for the dancers in the village square, the women as they work at their looms learn and invent death-wails. I well remember a certain cobbler, in a village on Santorin, who had composed and was teaching to his apprentices a long, weird song relating to the volcanic eruption on this island and its attendant horrors; even still the mysterious crater of this volcano is looked upon by the inhabitants as "the gate of Hades," and stories are told of how ghosts of dead men have been seen rolling down stones to kill travellers.

The Turkish islands, however, are the most primitive. Many of them for long years have been left entirely to themselves, and in the mountain villages we were surprised to find complete autonomy, and the assemblies, the *βουλαι*, by which they govern themselves, partaking of quite a Homeric character. At Astypalæa, for

example, the assembly of *δημογέροντες*, old men of the people, meets in the one broad gateway which leads into the town, just as in Troy, "at the Scæan gate sat the elders of the people;" these elders are elected by voice and acclamation of the people, no balloting, no other civilized process, only the form of the ayes and the noes, which follow the proposal of the name, and furthermore they are like the Homeric "old men of the people," not necessarily old, not all Nestors, but *δημογέροντες*, men of weight, and recognized respectability. There is, however, generally a Nestor in these assemblies, who always speaks first, and whose opinion is almost law. No one dares to interrupt him; but when he has done, their tongues are loosened, and like the members of the Homeric assemblage in the third Iliad, they are extremely loquacious, like grasshoppers which, sitting upon a tree in a wood, chatter with a shrill, small voice."

When on the island of Karpathos, we accompanied the peasants of a mountain village to one of their pilgrim festivals, which, like the panegyris of old, is a curious blending of religious solemnity and mirth. After the service in the church was over, they set to work to cook their meal in huge caldrons outside the church. The meat was cut up into tiny portions before boiling, as in the Iliad it is described: "On a tray they placed the portions of meat, and Antomedon held them whilst the noble Achilles cut them up and divided them into pieces, whilst Menætiades, a hero resembling the gods, lighted a fire; then Achilles sat opposite to the noble Ulysses against the other wall, and charged Patroclus, his companion, to sacrifice to the gods, and he cast the first morsels into the fire, and then they stretched forth their hands to the prepared food which lay before them." This is an exact picture of what we saw, except that, instead of Patroclus, the priest cast a morsel into the fire, to propitiate the saint whose festival they were celebrating, and then, without aid of fork or spoon, they stretched forth their hands to the savory morsels before them.

"And when," says Homer, "they had removed the desire of eating and drinking, the young men of the Greeks all day propitiated the god with singing, chanting the joyful pæan, and celebrating the fardarting Apollo, and he heard them with joy." Thus did our pious peasants celebrate in song, for hours after the feast was over, Saint Demetrius, in whose honor they were making merry. "Nay, as for

me," says Ulysses, "I say that there is no more gracious or perfect delight than when a whole people makes merry and listens to the singer. This fashion seems to me the fairest in the world."

When the singing was over, our festive peasants played games on the level space outside the church door, as the suitors in front of Ulysses' palace "took their pleasure in casting of weights and spears." A game called *omades* or *chermades* indiscriminately, is the favorite modern game for the men at these feasts, and it consists in throwing a heavy flat stone so as to knock coppers off a certain mark. In the fifth Iliad we read how "Tydides seized in his hand a stone (the same word *χερμάδιον* is used), a mighty deed, which no two men could bear, such as men now are, but he shook it easily all by himself." The Homeric idea of the superhuman strength of their ancestors is very common now. In Syra are two huge circular stones, which have been used in olive-pressing; these they say were quoits used by the ancient Greeks, and in the so-called Clephitic songs concerning the heroes of the revolution, we hear again and again passages corresponding to that in the first Iliad. "Never have I seen, nor shall I ever see such men as Pyriphous, and Dryas, shepherd of his people, and Theseus, the son of *Aegeus*, who resembled the immortal gods."

But to return to our pilgrims; when tired of games, the men and women began to dance, the blind bard was placed in their midst with his lyre, an admiring crowd gathered round, and men and maidens joined hands alternately in the circular wavy *syrtis*; sometimes they moved more quickly, sometimes slowly; sometimes the leader of the circle indulged in acrobatic feats, sometimes they sang part-songs, sometimes they were silent; but as Homer has described this circular motion and the interlacing steps to the life, I cannot do better than quote from the eighteenth Iliad his description of it. "There danced the youths and maidens, worth many oxen apiece, holding each other's hands near the wrist; of these the maidens wore fine linen dresses, and the youths were dressed in well-woven coats, slightly shining with oil; these also had beautiful garlands, and those wore golden swords, suspended from silver belts. Sometimes with skilful feet they nimbly ran the circle, as when a certain potter sitting shall try a wheel, fitting it in his hands to see if it will run; and at other times they retreat to their ranks.

But a great crowd stood around the pleasing dance delighted."

Curious, too, is the phrase "worth many oxen apiece," *ἀλφειβοίοι*. A shepherd still will dower his girl with flocks, and one of the shepherds of this very village at which the pilgrimage of which I have spoken took place, had a daughter whom he promised with a dower of many sheep and goats to any young man who could beat her in a foot-race—the story of Atalanta over again; and this coy Karpathiote maiden is as fleet of foot as any nymph who accompanied Artemis to the chase. Until her prime is past she will certainly not be caught.

Any one who has witnessed one of these modern Greek dances will be forcibly struck by Homer's description. The maidens in their gay, embroidered clothes, their headgear of savage jewellery, like the *πλεκταὶ ἀναδοσμαι* of Helen's treasure, hanging about their forehead and ears; the men with their gay, embroidered waistcoats, minus the oil, their pistol-wallets by their side; and then, as they move, the simile of the potter's wheel admirably describes their light and noiseless steps, sometimes executed with almost fairy-like nimbleness.

Female life in the islands exhibits many parallels to Homeric days. There they sit, like Penelope, at their looms weaving many-colored garments, or plying the distaff and the spindle at the house doors. For skill in embroideries, the Cretan women all over the islands have an acknowledged pre-eminence, like the Phæacian women of the seventh Odyssey. "For as the Phæacian men are skilled beyond all others in driving a swift ship upon the deep, even so are the women the most cunning at the loom; for Athene hath given them notable wisdom in all fair handiwork."

At the village of Karlovassi, on Samos, the great female dissipation in summer time is a washing picnic. They collect together their dirty clothes in bundles, they fill baskets with food and skins with wine, and, with mules to carry their burdens, they repair in company to a lonely mountain gorge, where a stream rushes through thick verdure towards the sea. Here they wash their clothes, and whilst they are drying, they sing and dance on a small green sward, sheltered from the sun's rays by huge olive-trees. Let us compare this scene to the one in the sixth Odyssey, which introduces us to Nausicaa and her maidens. The men of Alcinoüs have got ready the mules and the car, and

"the maiden brought forth from her bower the shining raiments; these she stored in the polished car, and her mother filled a basket with all manner of food to the heart's desire; dainties, too, she set therein, and she poured wine into a goat-skin bottle." The beauty of the spot is next described; and "then they took the garments from the wain in their hands, and bore them to the black water and briskly trode them down in the trenches in busy rivalry." In Karpathos washing is done by the feet in wooden trenches, just as here described. Two women sit at either end of this trench and tread the articles with their feet, continuing at this work all day, and to while away the time, and soften the labor, a man will often come and play the lyre to them. In Telos each woman has her washing-trench, which she takes with her to the seashore, and all day long treads her linen in it.

Nausicaa and her maidens, after they had washed their clothes, washed themselves. In this they differ from their modern representatives, who are not so conspicuous for cleanliness as they were in olden times. Then they had their mid-day meal and wound up their washing picnic with playing of ball and singing; whereas the Samiot women conclude theirs with singing and dancing.

When we see to-day the fine embroidered dresses, the gold and silver ornaments that the women wear, in cottages scarce fit for pigsties, and often used as such, we cease to wonder at the incongruity between the raiment worn by Homer's people and the abodes they dwelt in. As in olden times the women of to-day know no privacy; into every house everybody, no matter how dirty or how tattered, may wander and sit down; no respect is paid to the sick, or those in *negligée* attire; no man's house is his castle; and whenever we saw our dirty muleteers sitting in a row in the demarch's parlor, we recalled the picture which Homer has drawn for us of Ulysses's return. Not only the suitors, but Melanthius the goat-herd, and the tattered beggar-man, Ulysses himself, appear to have found easy access whenever they pleased into Penelope's palace and presence, and they were not even chided when "they drew near and stood by and the sound of the hollow lyre rang around them."

The great gossiping time for the women is the weekly baking-day at the ovens, and the daily journey to the well to fill the huge, archaic-shaped amphora, which they carry on their shoulders. Nor can these

women, who dread a raven's croak when they go to the well and mutter words to ward off the evil omen, be very different from Polyxena in Homer's story, as we see her depicted on many ancient vases approaching the well with her amphora, whilst a conventional raven warns her and Troilus that Achilles is lurking in ambush behind the well.

On Karpathos there is, in the mountains, a shepherds' village. In summertime these shepherds disperse over the mountains to pasture their flocks, and live for the most part with their families in caves called *mandras*. On visiting some of these we realized how well Homer must have known them when he sang of the cave of the great Cyclops Polyphemus. Outside are the pens, walled in and topped with brushwood, in which the lambs and kids of different ages are kept; inside, the receptacles for milk are ranged, the caldron for boiling the milk is simmering in one corner, the cheeses are drying in baskets of wicker-work on a ledge above, still called by their classical name of *τυροβόλια*. When the shepherd and his family are absent, they just roll a big stone to the cave's door to prevent any animal from straying in. They sleep on thick goat-skins, spread on the mud floor, and their shoes are made of pieces of untanned ox-hide, fastened to the foot with thongs of the same material, just like those of the swineherd described in the *Odyssey* thus: "Now he was fitting sandals to his feet, cutting them out of fresh-colored ox-hide."

These shepherds would seem to have the very vaguest ideas of number. Their flocks they call their *χίλια*, that is, their "thousands," too many to be counted. You never can get out of them any definite or probable answer with regard either to time or quantity. "Thousands of years" is the answer if you ask the age of a piece of embroidery, "Over eighty" is the definite expression for an old man or woman. Just the same vagueness that we notice in the Homeric poems — the vagueness which surrounds the sacrifice of a hecatomb, the vagueness with which the numbers of the Trojans, of the myrmidons (the *μυρμίδες*), of the besieging army, of the length of the siege, the age of Helen and Ulysses' hound — that very vagueness which has caused more acrimony amongst critics than anything else in the Homeric poems.

Again, we have the stranger's gift alluded to in this account of the Cyclops. Every peasant now thinks it his duty to give a stranger something, and once I

remember a woman who brought us a piece of soap as a gift, regretting she had nothing better.

Before leaving the subject of the mountain cave dairy, let us read Homer's description of the cave of Polyphemus, and note the parallels: "Soon we came to the cave, but we found him not within; he was shepherding his fat flocks on the pastures. So we went into the cave and gazed on all that was therein; the baskets were well laden with cheese, and the folds were thronged with lambs and kids, each kind was penned by itself. . . . Here all the vessels swam with whey, the milk-pails and the bowls, the well-wrought vessels, whereinto he milked." When the Cyclops returned "he lifted a huge door-stone and weighty, and set it at the mouth of the cave, such an one as two-and-twenty good four-wheeled wains could not raise from the ground, so mighty a sheer rock did he set against the doorway." After milking his flocks, the Cyclops "curdled one-half of the white milk and massed it together, and stored it in wicker baskets, and the other half he let stand in pails."

This superhuman strength which Homer gives to the Cyclops carries us on to another parallel between his conception of Polyphemus, and the modern ideas concerning dragons; the huge so called Cyclopean walls of the ancient Greek towns are supposed to be the work of dragons, and τοῦ δράκοντος τὸ σπῆν, the house of the dragon, is the common appellation for these ruins. Many popular stories relate how these dragons waylay travellers, and are outwitted by cunning. Spanos is generally the hero of these stories instead of Ulysses, whilst the dragon answers in most respects to Polyphemus; and a favorite simile for a large stone is that forty dragons could not move it.

The modern Greeks people their streams, their trees, their rocks, and their mountains with nymphs similar to those we find mentioned in Homer; these beings go under the comprehensive name of nereids, derived from νεῖρδ, water, and hence we see that they correspond with the νύμφαι κρηναί, "nymphs of the well-water, daughters of Zeus," of the seventeenth Odyssey. In the twentieth Iliad these nymphs are mentioned as being included in the council of the gods on Mount Olympus, "nor was any one of the rivers absent, save Oceanus, nor of the nymphs, who inhabit the pleasant groves, and fountains of streams, and the grassy meads." These godlike nereids, whom the imagination of the modern Greeks has created,

are supposed to marry mortals occasionally, and to produce, like the Homeric nymphs, offspring of surpassing excellence; thus the great family of Mavromichaelis of Manes are supposed to have nereid blood in their veins, and to this godlike parentage they attribute the bravery of Diakos and Canaris, heroes of the revolution.

These nymphs live in old gnarled olive-trees, in mountain caves, and in the numerous dry beds of streams, and they preside, too, over all healing streams; and their favorite occupation is supposed to be weaving, as Calypso when discovered by Hermes in her cave was engaged "in singing with a sweet voice, as she swayed to and fro before the loom, and wove with a shuttle of gold;" their favorite pastime is dancing to the tune of a lyre, played by a man whom they have enamored, and who is said to be νυμφόληπτος. There are, as I have said, many instances on record of men marrying these nereids, and the popular belief is that it is managed by stealing their wings, which they take off when dancing to resume them again at cock-crow, when they are obliged to retire from the world. Without her wings the nereid cannot thus disappear, so the lover contrives to seize his bride; but before she gives in to his will, she turns into all manner of strange things: a lion, water, a snake, a camel, and thus tries to escape from his grasp. With this idea we can compare Homer's description of Proteus in the fourth Odyssey: "Then we rushed upon him with a cry, and cast our hands about him, nor did that ancient one forget his cunning. Now behold at the first he turned into a bearded lion, and thereafter into a snake, and a pard, and a huge boar; then he took the shape of running water, and of a tall and flowering tree."

The nereids, too, dwell in the wind, and when a hurricane blows they say there is a marriage amongst the nereids, or that they are travelling. And there are many stories of men who have been seized by the nereids in a storm, and carried some distance, where they are found either dead or unconscious, reminding us of Homer's lament: "Would that the storm-wind might snatch me up and bear me hence down to the dusky ways, and cast me forth where the black-flowing Oceanus mingles with the sea. It would be even as the storm-winds bare away the daughter of Pandareus;" and a common oath to-day is "May the wind take you."

In the nature of their oaths, too, the Greek islanders recall to our minds many

Homeric imprecations; "by my father's head I swear it" is a favorite Naxiote oath, which at once strikes one as familiar, and is found thus expressed in the Homeric hymn to Hermes. "But if you wish, I will swear the great oath by my father's head," and the idea contained in the Homeric line which the emperor Augustus is said to have quoted to his daughter Julia, is of common occurrence now: "Destructive Paris, would that you had ne'er been born, or died unmarried!"

The influence for good or evil of a priestly oath is universally believed in in the Greek islands. An abandoned and now ruined town on Melos, Zephyria by name, which, in mediæval days, was the capital of the island, and which bears still the traces of once having been a handsome town, is supposed to have been rendered so unhealthy by a priestly curse that no one can live therein. An old man we met on Melos told me all the contrivances the wretched inhabitants had tried, when he was young, to counteract the effect of the noisome pestilences with which they were visited; how they literally sacrificed their calves that chanced to be born at that time; how they boiled the names of the diseases in a caldron together with a cock, and other charms; how forty women wove a garment in one day, and presented it to the church of St. Charalambos as a propitiatory offering to the modern Asklepios, which also compares with the *peplos* offered to Athene, but all in vain; the town had to be abandoned. This at once suggests the Homeric parallel of the curse by which Chryses, the priest of Apollo, brought pestilence on the Greek army to recover his daughter; the sacrifices to appease the far-darting one were much the same, but unfortunately for the inhabitants of Zephyria, the priest who had cursed them made himself scarce, and refused to remove the pestilence by his blessing, as Chryses did in the words which Homer has given us: "Thou hast honored me and done much evil to the people of the Greeks, now also fulfil this my prayer. Put away from them the now undeserved pestilence."

Amongst the numerous superstitions still existing which find their parallel in the Homeric poems I will mention that concerning sneezing. If during a conversation a person sneeze, they say there is an omen; if one of the company says *is to kaλλō*, the omen is turned into a favorable channel; if it passes unobserved its purport is sure to be evil; if a child

sneeze during the death-wail it is sure to die, unless a portion of its dress is burnt. With this superstition we may compare the way in which Penelope seized upon a sneeze as a favorable omen in the seventeenth *Odyssey*: "Even so she spake, and Telemachus sneezed loudly, and around the roof rang wondrously, and Penelope laughed, 'Go call the stranger into my presence, dost thou not mark how my son has sneezed a blessing on all my words?'"

All the mysteries of nature are personified by the modern Greeks as they were in Homer's time. For example, the sun to them is as Hyperion driving his chariot through the skies was to Homer when he addressed his hymn to that heavenly luminary. The sun to them is all-seeing and all-penetrating; as Homer also expresses it, "For thou lookest down with thy rays from the divine air on all things both on earth and sea." An island woman will send a message to a distant relative by the sun, as Ajax did to his wife when on the point of death. This use of the sun is further exemplified by Homer when he makes the sun act as informant on the intrigues of Mars and Venus, "And anon there came to him one to report the facts, even Helios, that had seen them at their pastime." Many interesting parallels may be called forth from the nautical life of the modern Greek sailor to that described in the Homeric poems. When a boat is launched, it is the custom to kill a lamb or a dove, and draw a cross on the deck with the victim's blood, reminding us of Teiresias's injunction, "To do goodly sacrifice to the lord Poseidon, even with a ram, and a bull, and a boar, the mate of swine." A Greek sailor sees those mysterious lights on his masthead in time of electricity and storm, and dreads them as much as Ulysses did, as a presage of woe. And then we have the siren myth in a nautical song, which tells of a lovely maiden, whose songs were borne o'er the breezes and captivated mariners as they passed by their lovely melody. The boats of the sailors of the island of Hydra have wattled bulwarks made of osiers, which grow in the mountain streams, and which, doubtless, were the same as those we read of in the *Odyssey*, when Ulysses made himself a two-decked raft with wattled bulwarks, when he left the charmed island of Calypso. Piracy on a small scale is carried on still, and it is still looked upon as it was in the Homeric poems, as a respectable profession. The priest will bless the boat before it starts on its nefarious expe-

dition, and will hallow the thefts by receiving a portion of them for his church.

Perhaps the most perfect parallel of all those which modern Greek life presents to that pictured to us by Homer, is to be found in the conceptions concerning death, and the deities who preside over the lower earth. Death is looked upon by the Greek islanders from two aspects, one Christian, namely, that taught by the priests, and one pagan, that which is set forth in the death-wails; and this latter aspect has undoubtedly the greatest hold on their imaginations from the fact that these wails are sung over the dead corpse at a time when the mind is most prone to impressions.

These death-wails distinctly treat death from an Homeric point of view; it is the deprivation of the pleasant things of this life; the departure of the soul from all that is agreeable into the black earth and joyless Hades. Thus a death-wail, a *marologion*, as they call it now, runs:—

Bitter is the lower earth, barren and bare,
No sunshine glitters there, no song of bird
Feasts as with us the wearied mind,
The breath of Hades withers every joy.

Death, the lord of the lower earth, is known now, as in olden times by the name Charon: "May Charon take you," is a polite form of expression frequently heard; he is a being of huge stature, *πελώριος*, as Homer calls his Hades; he has flaming eyes, like the *πορφύρεος θάνατος* of the *Iliad*; he lurks about houses that he may seize his victims, and a favorite death-wail begins, *Ὁ Χάρως ἔγινε πουλί*, "Charon became a bird," that he might the more easily surprise the object of his vengeance, reminding us of Athene waiting to avenge herself on the suitors in the twenty-second *Odyssey*, "As for her she flew up to the roof timber of the murky hall, in such fashion as the swallow flies, and there sat down."

The young and strong struggle with Charon, and their contest is described as that between Ajax and Achilles, when cunning death raises in his arms his victim, and contrives to strike inwards the back part of the knee; this is obviously a continuation of the legend of Hercules struggling with Hades for the recovery of Alcestis.

The modern ideas of Hades are taken from a wonderful document, known as the "Apocalypse of the Virgin," in which she is described as being seized with a desire to witness the tortures of the damned, whilst praying on the Mount of Olives;

the archangel Michael, the modern Hermes, volunteered to escort her thither, and the terrible pictures of torments, with which the churches in the East are decorated, are based on what she is supposed to have seen. This document in question, is but a modernized form of the eleventh *Odyssey*. We see the *πυρίπλετος ποταμός*, the fiery river, which is the *Pyriphlegethon* mentioned in the tenth *Odyssey*. We find the dead all eager, like those whom Ulysses saw, to drink blood, hoping thereby to be able to return to the upper world: "And Ulysses drew his sharp sword that the dead should not draw nigh to the blood, ere he had word of Teiresias." In this belief is also incorporated the modern vampire dread, evil spirits of restless souls which return to their homes and suck the blood of their relatives, "feed on their own," as the expression goes, to gather strength for their ghastly wanderings on earth. There is, too, a trace of Lethe, the river of forgetfulness, still to be found in Greece, for on the mountains there grows an herb, which is popularly supposed to deaden recollections of the past. It is called "the herb of forgetfulness," and shepherds always look for it when they wish to wean the lambs.

The modern Charon has a wife, Charontissa by name, queen of the lower earth, who rules in what Homer would call "the groves of Persephone." She is, in fact, Persephone herself, and assists her lord in his effectual endeavors to prevent the dead from escaping from their prison, which is illustrated by the following *mærologue* from *Astypalæa*:—

Who is the King of the lower earth? Who is the Queen of Hades?
Who are the key-keepers who keep you locked up?
Make for the King a throne, for the Queen a canopy,
And for Charontissa also a golden mantle,
That they may allow you to come back for three feasts a year;
For the raising of the Cross, for the blessing on Epiphany,
And on the Sunday of Easter, for the resurrection of Christ.

In every island cottage to-day, when a death occurs, they do exactly as they did in Priam's palace at the death of Hector, which Homer thus describes: "And when they had brought him into the noble hall, they laid him on a splendid couch, and stationed beside him the leaders of the funeral dirges, who chanted a mournful strain, and the women also groaned in addition, and the white-armed Androm-

ache began the lamentations among them, holding in her hands the head of Hector the manslayer."

At the many death-wails I have witnessed in Greece, the body is laid out in state, both males and females join in the *θρήνος*, the hired mourning women sing their wails, the relatives gathered around deliver themselves of their burden of grief by groaning, lacerating their arms, and tearing their hair. The wife, standing at the head of the corpse, then sings her dirge, just like Andromache. "My hero, thou hast fallen from a life of youth, and leavest me a widow in our house; thine infant son, too, whom we, ill-fated parents, produced, will, I fear me, not attain to man's estate, for this city will be first overthrown from its summit." The aged mother will then advance to a similar position, and will, like Hecuba, take some tragic comfort from the fact that the Fates have permitted her son to be buried amongst his own people: "Dearest of all my sons, when alive thou wast well beloved by the gods, who, in truth, have taken care of thee even in death, for now thou liest for me in our own home, dewy and fresh, like to one whom Apollo of the silver bow has slain with his gentler darts."

Then another female relative will sing, perhaps a sister-in-law like Helen, and a few hours after death the body is in its tomb. Quick burial is considered essential to the peace of the soul, "the dead must not see the stars," they say, that is, the corpse must not be left unburied for a night; reminding one of many touching little passages in Homer, where the dead pray to have their funeral rites attended to as quickly as possible. When any one dies from home, the same process is gone through as if the corpse were present; the clothes are laid out, the women wail, and all this is done that the spirit "may as quickly as possible pass the gates of Hades;" those "iron gates," and that "brazen threshold," of which Homer sang, and of which Charon is still supposed to keep the key.

In conclusion, I will quote a curious legend still told on the island of Ios, *Homeri sepulchro veneranda*, as Pliny calls it; it runs as follows: "Once upon a time, there lived at Plaketos* an old woman and her son, in a little cottage; robbers penetrated one night into it, strangled the mother, and gouged out the eyes of her son. When they had gone, the son buried his mother, and set off to wander through

the Archipelago, singing songs to earn his bread as he travelled — songs which were even better than those of Riga, and which gained for him great fame. Eventually he returned to Ios to die, and was buried near his mother."

J. THEODORE BENT.

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CONFESSIONS OF A GARDENER.

THIS heading is more than equivocal on its face, for the writer can lay no claim to that title which of all others he covets most, that of a true gardener. Yet "Confessions of a person who would like to be a Gardener, but fears that he never will be," would take up too much space; and "Confessions of a young Gardener" suggests Captain Mayne Reid; so the title must be interpreted by the text. And it will be convenient for my purpose if I am allowed to use the word as applicable to all persons who even try to garden; even to that degraded wretch who is so mercilessly scourged by Canon Hole for buying a lot of rose-trees, ordering them to be planted exactly where he pleases, without reference to draught, soil, or shade, and then wonders why they "don't do." For all who have begun to try to learn the art of gardening, and who have arrived at that first painful, but necessary, stage of conviction of their own ignorance and incapability, will feel that the poor fellow was but, after all, a degree or two worse than themselves.

Yet there is another way of looking at it. We all know the story of the three classes of violin-players. Now in one sense there are but two classes of gardeners — those who can and those who can't get flowers to grow. To some people the art seems to come naturally; to others no pains, no time, no money avail. I wish at once to disclaim condemnation of this latter class; and for the best of all possible reasons, because I feel myself more akin to it in some respects than even to the inferior members of the rival class; far more akin, indeed, than to those minions of Lady Flora who in a rood of smoky London garden, with an expenditure of about five shillings a year, on a cold, sour clay soil and without visible personal attention, produce lovely clusters of the old maiden's blush rose. Such stand, indeed, upon serene heights. One such I know; and as for her lilies of the valley, the less I think about them the better I feel.

* Spot where tradition places Homer's tomb.

For it will be as well to have out all the cynicism at once. Envy, and those blacker feelings the names of which trip so glibly from our lips every Sunday, are much at the root of gardening. If indeed it is the purest of human pleasures the others must be pretty bad; but I don't think that the cold critical intellect of him who formulated that proverb was by any means free from the failings which I have mentioned; his early career at least belies the supposition, though I have always hoped that Lord Verulam's passion for gardening took possession of him long after he had forgotten all about the trial of Essex. The solid fact remains that while my neighbor A possesses better roses and better chrysanthemums than I, I love him less than my neighbor B, whose blooms are inferior to my own; and it is part of that strong leaven of human nature which is said to be in man, that it should be so.

I began gardening but little more than two years ago, and therefore whatever value my crude ideas may have upon the subject, will be of the same kind as, let us say, a record of his experiences in England and his opinion of civilization in general by an Andaman Islander or one of Buffalo Bill's Red Indians. I cannot help thinking that a present record of mistakes may be of more interest to all classes of gardeners, than such a record ten years hence, when I should probably be afraid to recollect things which now I do not blush to blazon forth. I began, then, with the aid of a few scratch-tools, Robinson's "English Flower-Garden," (a most invaluable book) and a "plentiful lack of wit," *i.e.*, complete ignorance of everything connected with the subject; and worse than all this with the conceited notion that I could easily learn all about it. My garden is situated in the suburbs of a town which is, from a gardener's point of view, none the less a commonplace country town from its being the seat of a university. The soil is a good one for some purposes, or at least would have been a good medium for superimposition of soil, if the builder who ran up the elegant villa some fifteen years ago had not taken upon himself to overlay the gravel bottoms of the beds with a layer of brickdust varying from eight inches to two feet in thickness. Even this of itself would have been no very great objection if he had left off with the brickdust and allowed my predecessor (who was a good gardener as predecessors go, indeed by nature a far better gardener than his successor, but too busy to attend

very much to the larger aspects of the question) to put in a decent three feet of soil above. But the practice of these gentlemen is to "lay out a garden" for thirty or forty pounds as a sort of adjunct to building a house; and their method is to put all the refuse of the building at the bottom, and then ten inches of stony loam at the top; then comes the eager amateur, *terra fastidiosus*, and fills his beds with choice things all at a rush, and behold there is nothing for them to grow in, but because they have no depth of earth they wither away. There is but one remedy for this, as I am gradually discovering. Choice plants will not grow in such rubble. Therefore *apage Satanas!* out with it! You must have three or two-and-a-half feet of real soil at the very least if you are to do any good. But you will exclaim: "My poor Japanese anemones, which I only put in six months ago, and you know how they hate being disturbed, what's to become of them?" or "My dear sir, that bed is full of Christmas roses, beautiful plants which I brought from the dear old rectory garden at W—; they won't stand another move now." "My dear madam (excuse me, madam, for assuming so much; it is generally ladies that are most lacking in the ruthlessness which is an absolutely necessary qualification for a gardener), you will of course do as you please; it is the privilege of your sex to do so; but if you expect those old beloved hellebores to flourish more than two years with the deleterious compound you have just turned up with your dear little trowel as their sole nutriment, you are very much mistaken. They will continue to throw up leaves for a good many years no doubt; and you will probably attribute their want of buds to over-damp or frosty autumns or droughty summers, and finally spend seven-and sixpence on a hand-light to put over them; whereas were you to spend five shillings on a cart-load of soil to put under them now, there would be a very different result. It is true you risk killing them by taking them up now; but the risk of a sudden death is preferable to a slow and degrading starvation. Perish such of your choice things as must inevitably perish by moving now; but deepen your beds at all risk. It will be better to be naked for a few years with the prospect of being gradually more and more richly clothed, than draped at the beginning of your career in all the gauds of Dives which you must soon exchange for rags more tattered and less saintly than those of Lazarus." As a matter of fact

even choice and half-hardy things do not perish by such a move if rapidly effected, and if decent care is taken of them. I continually move all sorts of things at all times in the year, taking the precaution merely to lift a good ball of earth with them. This is especially the case with wild flowers, which I am not ashamed to confess that I often dig up and plant in my wild garden. Still, if you cannot bear to do it, try as a last resort the effect of rich and heavy manuring. It will do something for your brick-dust, though not much. I have tried both plans and found that, as Machiavelli says, one is good and the other is less good; and I am gradually adopting the former plan all over my garden as time, money, and ruthlessness can be pressed into the service.

Another, and in some respects a still better, plan may be pursued by any one who has plenty of room to spare, and that is to leave your old beds of brickdust to produce the few excessively hardy things which they will produce luxuriantly, weeding out from time to time all failures; and instead of them carve out new beds, if necessary by the sacrifice of a part of the lawn. I had the pleasure this year of seeing the beautiful gardens of Blickling Hall in Norfolk, where, presumably without the necessity for it, something of the kind has been done. The lawn, which from a distance looked like a vast flower-bed, is carved and quartered out into twenty or thirty little beds of different (though not fantastic) shapes well raised above the level of the ground, with from four to six feet of turf between each one. These were beautifully filled with a fine selection of old-fashioned flowers. Of course there were plenty more lawns at Blickling, and one could not afford space to do this in a small garden. Like the fat old lady in Tom Hood, I am not half an acre if you measure me all round, and a good bit of lawn is an absolute necessity.

But I am wandering away from confessions of failure into attempts to be didactic, for which I humbly ask my reader's pardon. My predecessor aforementioned bequeathed me a lawn, a cabbage-garden, a fowl-run, some beautiful purple flags growing in the brickdust, some beautiful creepers on the house, some really fine roses, each in a separate round hole which had been filled with excellent soil, among them three old trees of Mme. Bérard, which I think is one of the steadiest and best bloomers I know, and immeasurably more delicate in color in the bud-stage than Gloire de Dijon, for which I gener-

ally find that people mistake it; there were also some good apple-trees growing at the edge of the cabbage-garden with espaliers behind them. This portion of the demesne I at once converted, turfed over cabbage-garden and all, and fixed a tall trellis behind the espaliers between seven and eight feet high across the middle of it; not a trellis of rhomboidal but of rectangular divisions, with an open gateway in it leading on to what became the upper lawn; while the apple-trees in front, whose feet I surrounded with crocuses, scillas, snowdrops, daffodils, fritillaries, and cowslips, became dignified with the name of "the orchard." Of all plants which will grow in grass I think the bright blue scilla is most effective, and happily the leaves ripen more readily than those of crocus or daffodil, so it can be cut down almost with the first mowing that your orchard requires. Now came the tug of war. I speedily discovered that the beds along the wall suffered from other things besides lack of earth; indeed one long western-facing bed was not so badly off for that as for sunlight, owing to the tall house and the neighboring trees; moreover, even the brickdust system of drainage above referred to was so badly made that in more than one place the bed had sunk into hollows which of course retained the water, or rather formed a conduit-pipe for all neighboring parts of the beds to drain into. I suppose the builder had been short of brick-dust when he came to that particular point. So I was obliged to supplicate a certain person who had taken upon herself particular charge of all fruit upon the demesne to surrender to me the lives of sundry gooseberry-bushes which were occupying, as seems to be an invariable law in the laying out of this sort of gardens, the sunniest part of the whole place.

I confess to little sympathy with what is generally called the "fruit and vegetable" side of a small garden. I have no wish to defraud my greengrocer of his dues; even to grow strawberries hardly pays, and for this reason if for no other, that your friends never send you any if you grow them yourself. Besides, you forfeit that pleasure, which is all the sweeter because it is a little wicked, of buying a basket of strawberries every time you go into town—although they are no longer covered with that violet-blue paper, the sight of which in childhood made my mouth water. No, let me turn my clumps of gooseberry-bushes into red-hot pokers, and my strawberry-beds (I

have not ventured to propose this to the person above mentioned yet) into space for a small glass-house, and I may yet be happy. Well, the gooseberry-bushes vanished about a year ago, and a nice, deeply drained bed took their place in time to receive an autumn planting. But that the very meaning of deep drainage was an enigma to me when I began gardening the following incident will testify. I had ordered some rather choice Persian cyclamens, and when they arrived, having read that real and plentiful drainage was essential to them, and not having any idea that a porous gravel soil was the best of all possible drainage, I chose a corner where there was less brickdust than usual, dug about eighteen inches down, put a few large stones at the bottom of the hole, and then covered them over with a square of oilcloth well perforated with holes; the result of course was that when I had planted the cyclamens (after discovering with some difficulty which was the right end up of the beast!*), the unhappy things got no drainage at all, and all last year looked the picture of misery; now, when I presume the oilcloth has begun to rot away, if it has not entirely done so, they seem to be making excellent growth.

Among my other mistakes I may note that in many cases I planted things so ridiculously close together that the whole lot were ruined; others I scattered so far apart that they looked like solitary storks in the picture in Grimm's "Fairy Tales." It is indeed a difficult mean to hit between overcrowding and overscattering. I know one famous gardener who almost hits that mean in a beautiful garden sloping down to the banks of the Thames; but I rather protest against those who seem to think that a good thing cannot grow too thickly, that you should shove in a good clump of something strong, and let it work its wicked will and seed itself where it pleases. Let any one try this, say, for instance, with some kinds of perennial sunflowers, or with the largest St. John's wort, and he will soon find that he has nourished a viper in his bosom. In fact I personally believe in cutting off all seed-pods and all dead bloom directly they are over in all cases where not required for seed next year. But how frequently have

I fallen into the opposite error of planting one thing upon the top of another or so close to it as to leave no breathing-space between them! It was only a few days ago that I discovered a few unhappy autumn crocuses struggling up to light literally in the midst of a huge clump of moon-daisies. This mistake may, it is true, sometimes be avoided by keeping a plan of the garden, which may be renewed from time to time as changes or acquisitions are made; but with me changes are so frequent (I suppose from a certain spirit of restlessness and discontent) that, though I have such a plan, it availeth the crocuses little when I prow about with a big trowel and a new hardy perennial root ready to put in wherever I can find room. How often one suddenly shoves a trowel into the middle of a clump of crocuses and snowdrops! one tosses out the crocus quite angrily as if he had no business to be there; but I cannot do that with a snowdrop, however much he may have obtruded his personality, and however injured he may be. No, he must be buried reverently in the hopes that life may not be extinct. For he is indeed of all flowers the best and the dearest. I don't hesitate to say it for a minute. I hereby utterly cut myself loose once and for all from those who denounce the English spring. I love all the seasons but I love, the spring best, for "she hath gestacyon of all the flowers of the yere in her wombe." Do we not, some of us, know the feeling of a hard-worked man who, if he were asked at what time in the week he was happiest, would answer on Saturday morning, for he had the prospect of all Saturday afternoon and Sunday's holiday. It is only another way of saying that "man never is but always to be blest;" and the divine scheme of the universe seems to me to take this for one of its central texts, that we are always happiest in looking forward, not in looking at what we have got; even that we are worth our salt only in so much as we do continually look forward. Besides, from the most material point of view, is not one English spring day, with a pale blue sky and a few white fleecy clouds above your head, and at your feet the copses dotted with early primroses and a solitary lark about half-way between the primroses and the clouds — is not such a day worth all the horrors of sleet and fog and mire, which we of this island are permitted to enjoy? There is another period of the year, too, of which I am very fond; it comes about midway between the time of Cowper's "winter walk" and that which

* *A proof* of this I planted all my ranunculuses wrong end up the first year (*i.e.* claws upwards) with the result of course that none of them appeared. It is really impossible in some cases to tell the right end of some anemones (*e.g.*, *Fulgens*), and always quite impossible to distinguish the tail of a winter aconite from his head. Luckily, like a tadpole, the last-mentioned gentleman is not particular.

I have just described, and consists of one or two days which generally occur about the middle of February, when there is no sound in the air, the sun is hardly shining, and yet you are conscious of his presence. Then, when you go for a long country walk, you feel inclined to step softly lest you startle a primrose into bloom before its hour is really ready. You don't find that primrose (at least very rarely in the land of the Mercians or Middle Angles) that day, but you know for a certainty that a week later you will find him, though there may be any amount of fresh-fallen snow before that time, or the gale long anticipatory of the equinox may be howling through the woods. And better even than that, you return from that walk and find your own dear snowdrops in all their vigorous beauty covering great patches of green turf or brown leaf-strewn bed. That is why the snowdrop is my king of all flowers; for the spring anticipates the year, and he anticipates the spring. I have stood at the foot of the steps of the Trinità in Rome, watching the early violets and narcissus brought in from the south for the morning market, without feeling a single pang of regret for the splendors of an Italian spring, or any other horticultural feeling than a longing to get back to my own snowdrops.*

There was a most ingenious article a year or two ago in the *Spectator* to the effect that the praise of May, and of spring generally, in vogue in England before the present century, was a fiction brought by the Plantagenets from Anjou, where, said the writer, it is the most delightful month in the year. It is very possible, but though I should rather choose April, March, or even February, for the mistress of my heart, I have one particular grudge against May, and that is that she brings the aphides, or is said by Canon Hole (whom I implicitly believe and worship at a distance) to bring the aphides when she is cold. Nottinghamshire may be a warmer county than mine, though it is farther north, but I cannot help asking when is the month referred to not cold? And if a cold May is to account for all aphides,

Alas, what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted gardener's trade,
And deeply dig about the thankless rose?

(and do other less savory things consequent upon digging about it). But I cling

* If you plant snowdrops, don't buy them by the hundred but by the thousand, and don't put them in with a trowel or a dibber but with a fire-shovel.

to a hope that I may beat the aphides yet (though fir-tree oil, soap and water, clear water, and syringes cannot trouble them), in spite of cold May. Lord Tennyson has, however, deserved well of his country for bringing out over and over again in his lovely lyrics, and above all in "In Memoriam," the glories of the rimy days of earlier spring.

A more fearful accident, and one which will immediately proclaim itself to at least one of the senses, is to drive a trowel through the middle of a clump of crown imperial bulbs.

Non redolet sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

Yet all these accidents and follies must be matters of daily occurrence in gardening to every unpractised amateur. Again, with regard to the taking of cuttings and slips, a beginner who has no one to show him is almost certain to go wrong. No book, so far as I know, contains any adequate exposition on the subject, for most of the gardening books, even Mrs. Loudon's charming works, take so much knowledge for granted. Now I remember that the first lot of pansy cuttings which I took, I cut off not at the joints, but in the stem between the joints, with the result that, though I alternately exposed and sheltered them according to the correct advice laid down in those whom lawyers delight to call the "text-writers," they gradually died away. With chrysanthemums, on the other hand, it seems not to matter how much or in what way you snip them off. Last January I had been tearing an old root of one of the common, old-fashioned red chrysanthemums to pieces in the open air and no doubt scattered a good many odd snippings about on the beds, and two or three weeks afterwards I was amazed to find quite a colony of flourishing little plants already well-rooted in spite of the severe weather. One of my early vanities was that I would do all the garden myself and never let a "jobber" come inside the gate. I was soon compelled to give way in the matter of pruning the fruit-trees, etc., but after one of these gentlemen had pruned two beautiful syringa-bushes in such a way that they have never flowered since, I took to a quiet old man who went about upon his own account, and who undertook to come to me once a week for the modest sum of three-and-sixpence and his tea. He runs about, looking immensely active and really getting through a lot of work, and he gives me a wonderful lot of good advice, which I don't take. But if I reter

any knotty point to him, as for instance, "Jones, I'm told by Mrs. W. that those long shoots of roses, which rise out straight from the bottom and grow up quickly without a flower on them, ought to be cut away at once, as they are really only weakly and in the nature of suckers;" he answers, "Yessir, I should certainly cut them out." "But Mr. P. was here the other day, and he said, 'What a lot of fine young growth, and right up from the bottom too, you have got on your roses!'" and added that those shoots always make the best bloom." Jones, without so much as pausing to scratch his head, answers, "Yessir, they always make best bloom, them long shoots." So I judge he is not a man of very strong convictions.

By the way, that particular question really seems to be a vexed one as regards roses; I am speaking of course of the long summer shoots, not the long autumn ones, which merely require a sharp pruning back to about two-thirds of their length in October. Another fine instance of Mr. Jones's indifference to theories arose in the following way. I suggested that tobacco-paper would be a good thing with which to smoke out a little lean-to greenhouse in which there was a nice collection of ferns and spiders; and in fact I had been recommended tobacco-paper by a seedsman of great experience, as being quite safe and quite effectual (as some soap-tablets are advertised to be harmless to dogs but fatal to fleas), and Jones readily assented to my trying the experiment. Some misgivings induced my better half to remove the more delicate among the ferns, which are her pride and joy, but there was no moving a huge square tub in which grew a beautiful *Maréchal Niel*. The fatal match was lit, and the result was that the next morning every young shoot on the rose was dead; and when with some warmth I remonstrated with Jones upon his facile permission, he replied, "Very bad for young shoots is tobacco-paper; I'd rather by half have used a quarter of a pound of good strong 'baccy'."

But after all the truth applies to gardening more than to anything else, that the source of all sound knowledge is empirical. One may learn a good deal from books, and a good deal from Jones (and I acknowledge most gratefully that I have), but such knowledge never fixes itself in your mind, like the knowledge that comes from making a desperate mistake and feeling its consequences for a whole season.

Lose a Persian yellow by some stupid mistake, such as close pruning it, — you won't prune a Persian yellow again.

There is one lesson, too, that gardening must ultimately teach a man — the art of "sticking to it;" the lesson that there must be many experiments, nay, many failures for one success; and withal the priceless lesson, if I may so put it, that it is better to fail over *Amaryllis Belladonna*, than to succeed over a "nurseryman's selection" of bedding-out plants.

And now, before I conclude, let me say a word as to the reasons which induced me to try to become a gardener. For with every possible disadvantage for success in any pursuit requiring much industry, such as idleness, impatience, and carelessness, and with the special disadvantage for a gardener of an utter incapability for early rising, I still hope in the dim and distant future to live partially up to my ideal. Almost every man has some outdoor pursuit, and it is especially necessary for a man whose regular work is sedentary, such as teaching, to have something which in his spare time may take him frequently into the air. Now there comes to all men an age when athletic exercises such as cricket and rowing are not any longer quite so — there, never mind, let us draw a veil over what they are not, and the reasons why they are not; and even if that age doesn't come, and happily refuses to come, you need partners of your joys, and probably to go some way from home for almost all such violent forms of amusement. On the other hand, a man must be a sportsman born if he can take an interest in what is technically called "sport" through all his life. For the true sportsman, who is oftenest the truest lover of nature too, I have the deepest reverence, nor will I tread here for a moment upon the doubtful and difficult ground of the lawfulness of sport in all its forms as at present practised in England, but will rest content with throwing out a hint which may prove fertile in the brain of some future legislator. Why not establish an examination for all candidates for gun-licenses? Let a man prove before he is allowed to go about with a gun that he can shoot straight enough to kill five shots out of six. I have no objection to his killing outright; but I confess to share Burns's feelings when I see a wounded beast: —

Inhuman man! curse on thy barbarous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye.

There are also some pretty lines of his

on the same subject in the commencement of the "Twa Brigs." Burns knew this kind of man well from the true sportsman, for see how enthusiastic he grows over the exploits of Tam Samson. I feel deeply my own inconsistency in this matter, for there is no death to which I would not gleefully put an aphid, and towards snails, slugs, earwigs, and earthworms I feel, like the Mikado, that the punishment ought to be devised to meet the crime,—if it were possible (which it is not) to devise a punishment commensurate with the crime of being a slug or an earwig.*

I could take very kindly to riding were I a little more certain exactly what my horse is going to do next, and if he would let me get down and walk about and grub with a trowel, following me about the while like a dog, instead of kicking up his heels and running round the field till he finds a place to jump over the hedge; also if he would occasionally let me put the reins on his neck and enjoy the company of my own thoughts on his back. Such horses exist on every page of romance, but I have never yet come across one. A more companionable beast, it is true, is a dog—indeed the best of all companions; but one can't always take a dog into the kind of place into which I like to go, at least not with any reasonable certainty of bringing the whole dog out again. And much as I delight in my dog chasing rabbits in the twilight on a common, and in the exercise of running after him, suppose by accident he should catch one? Luckily it is exceedingly improbable.

Some people take all their out-door exercise in long walks seasoned with intellectual conversation or in attempts to canvass for political, and in an university town, I am sorry to say, for academico-political objects; but though they are mighty hunters and their game is men, it is a sport for which I have so little taste, that I generally fly as swiftly as possible in the other direction when I see one of its votaries advancing; while as for mingling in the politics of the university myself, since the day when the Hebdomadal Council rejected my celebrated scheme for the creation of a hereditary professor

iate (which I had worked out, not less in the interests of the professors themselves than of their over-crowded audiences, to the utmost detail, even to the extent of providing for the event of a professorship falling into abeyance between co-heiresses), I have had few encouragements to take part therein. To a man so *blasé* or so fastidious there remains the pursuit of nature in some form or other; and of all forms of this pursuit I place gardening first; for this reason among others that it is free from the destructive quality inherent in so many other forms. With the exception of everlasting and interminable war against all the insect race, gardening partakes, it would be perhaps profanity to say of the creative, but at least it may lay some claim to be an "assistative" energy. The man who produces, as the phrase goes, a new species of rose from a marriage between two other species has surely some claim to pursue a higher form of amusement than he who shoots a partridge. But let us all who fancy we are admitted into this fellowship walk all the more carefully because of that admission. Reason or no reason—and I know none, except that mystery which is reason of reasons—gardeners are not as a body in any degree better than other men; nay, I am inclined to think them a trifle worse, perhaps on account of the constant familiarity with things that ought to make them better.

For surely it ought to set a man's heart right for the day, to stroll out for half an hour after breakfast with a pipe, a sharp knife, a few bits of bast, and a wooden basket on his arm. Suppose it be in the much-abused month of March—your snowdrops are still in all their splendor; the so-called "glory of the snow" (*Chionodoxa Luciliae*) is rearing its tiny blue nose; there is the excitement of seeing whether that bud of daffodil, or *Iris reticulata*, which you watched last night under the lurid windy sunset, with its delicate head bent almost to the earth by the gusts, has burst yet, and perhaps you may be rewarded (as I was more than once this year in the case of the aforesaid iris) by actually seeing the bud open and the leaves roll swiftly back, and hearing a distinct pop. Then you will be anxiously looking to see whether any of the winter cuttings in the frame want "potting on," whether the primroses in the wild-garden bank are going to throw true this year, or turn into oxlips or polyanthus, as they often do in the neighborhood of more gaudy flowers of their own tribe—by some

* I have tried many insecticides, but found none to equal a notice on the tool-house door intended to catch the eye of the boot-boy, to the effect that a reward of sixpence for every pound avoirdupois of slugs and snails, and for every fifty earwigs taken alive in the garden will be regularly paid. About forty full grown tabby snails go to the pound, and it is surprising what an income my boy makes out of it. Ill-natured friends suggest that he brings them in his pocket, but, like Cæsar's wife, he is above suspicion.

mysterious attraction of pollen from flower to flower, I suppose. Or let it be a day late in September after a hot summer.

The morning mist that leaves his breath
So thick along the grass,

tells you that the water-can is needed no more, except for your pot-plants, and that those salvias and red lobelias will soon want lifting. You go anxiously to your thermometer, and lo! it has been down to thirty-one degrees; no harm done by that, but, as the old sailor said when the topsail blew away, spars and all, "We don't want no more just yet." You are probably a little more ferocious at this time of year than in the spring to judge by the way you snip in two a hapless earwig which tumbles out of your best cactus dahlia. How much more valued are those roses now than in July! You look anxiously at the trees, and if the buds are coming too thick you snip one or two off; in July you would have let them go and bloom their hardest, unless you were a showing man. Now few things can beat that early-flowering chrysanthemum, Mme. Desgranges; and as you contemplate her you feel "What a fool I was not to have a lot more; how much better to have filled up my frame with cuttings of them, rather than of the late-flowering varieties, which will soon have to be housed; and I know perfectly well that I have got ten times more than my greenhouse will hold. Ah! but it was Jones, wasn't it, who made me do it." Verily we all have a Jones of some sort on our backs. This is the third consecutive autumn that my Jones has induced me to take cuttings of certain small yellow calceolaria (a flower which I always vow I won't grow again), I expect not without secret instigation from high authority; there is, and it is right that there should be, a red-geranium-yellow-calceolaria-blue-lobelia-and-nice-edging-plant spirit in the breast of every tidy *Hausfrau*.

And whether it be spring or autumn, summer or winter; whether you are creeping out, late under the first stars, to refresh some panting favorite with a can of your jealously hoarded stock of rain-water; or tumbling encased in two great coats over the frozen milkman, on your way to scrape away the icicles from a hand-light which guards the infancy of a hoop-petticoat narcissus, — in spite of a thousand failures and disappointments you will probably feel season by season, and year by year, more cause to rejoice in your profession,

and yet more cause to make your garden but a means to the highest end.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE'S POETRY.

*Ῥῆμα δ' ἐργμάτων χρονιώτερον βιοτεύει,
ὃ, τε καὶ σὺν Χαρίτων τύχῃ
γλῶσσα φρενὸς ἐξέλθοι βαθείας.*

Pind., Nem. iv. 10.*

IN some familiar verses written many years ago to Mr. Gladstone, Sir Francis Doyle pleaded with playful earnestness the cause of the poetaster. He owned that there was always a sort of scribbling coxcombs about, making pretence to some mysterious wisdom and scornful of "plain strength of head and stalwart sense," who by their vanity and affectations, not less than by their dulness, still made good Horace's famous jest on middling poets. But it was not, he argued, reasonable for the sake of these few unrighteous men to include all the harmless crew of versifiers in one general curse. We do not, he says, claim immortality for our rhymes; we do not even ask that you should read them. They please some of our friends, but if you find them dull, throw the book away. And then he goes on to plead that, as Dante and Milton and other illustrious poets found relief in song from the sorrows that darkened their great souls, so may lesser spirits "seek a common solace in distress."

Auguster grief was theirs, whose awful sound
Sea-like is heard the listening earth around —
But yet the same perennial fountains fill
The ocean-depths, and shallows of the rill.

And so, he says, has it been with him. He has not, like another poet, sung because he must, but because he would. No particular or uncommon griefs drove him into verse; he affects no magnificent despair or isolation of especial woe.

Still, there are times when fever and unrest
Besiege the silent fortress of the breast;

* This was a favorite quotation with Sir Francis Doyle, and was thus paraphrased by him in one of his lectures at Oxford.

"The word all deeds shall over-live,
That word to which the Graces give
Their charm, with happy chance combined,
Just as, through spirit-depths outling,
It rushes to the poet's tongue
Forth from the poet's mind."

Unspoken heaviness and care unshown,
Which yet are bitter to endure alone;
When on some sunny dream cloud-shadows
fal,

Or sorrows come to me that come to all —
Days of uprooted hope — of fading flowers —
Of rainbows waning into wintry showers —
When hidden languor follows secret strife,
And the heart sickens at the length of life.
These are the seasons which of right belong
To thoughts which rush and kindle into song.
No idle dream of fame, no servile fear
Of the world's scorn, beset and goad me here.
Instinctively my shattered spirits come
To look for peace within their natural home;
In that small circle still, defying fate,
I can at least, or well or ill, create,
Till genial art has charmed away the pain,
And the soul strengthens to her work again.

There is a passage in one of Charles Kingsley's letters which expresses in plain prose much the same thought as Sir Francis has elaborated in these graceful lines. The kind, unfailing physician whom he called to his aid did not always, of course, suggest the same remedies; just as we, to whom nature has denied this active relief, seek in our distress solace from those more happily gifted, and do not always seek it in the same quarter. Every man who is fond of poetry chooses his poet according to his mood of mind. But, if we may judge from the spirit of those poems which have made Sir Francis Doyle's fame among Englishmen, and partly also from certain passages in his prose writings, we may suppose it to have been not seldom with him, as it was at one memorable period of his life with Kingsley. When the cloud of the Crimean war was dark on men's minds, Kingsley sought and found relief in writing a romance. "This war," he confessed to his friend Maurice, "would have made me half mad, if I had let it. It seemed so dreadful to hear of those Alma heights being taken and not be there; but God knows best, and I suppose I am not fit for such brave work; but only, like Camille Desmoulins, *une pauvre créature, née pour faire des vers*. But I can fight with my pen still (I don't mean in controversy. I am sick of that — but) in writing books which will make others fight. This one is to be called 'Westward Ho!' . . . The writing of it has done me much good. I have been living in those Elizabethan books, among such grand, beautiful, silent men . . .

A Tory of the old school, the school of Walter Scott, Sir Francis Doyle must since he grew to man's estate have seen the coming and passing of many things

to make his heart sore within him. "Since I ceased to be poetry professor," he wrote in the preface to the last edition of his poems,* "I have not had much to do with literary pursuits. The circumstances of my life have left me without ambition, and without much interest in anything but my family, my friends, and my country, of whose future I try not to despair." His subsequent pieces show the nature of the thoughts which urged him to write; the heroic deaths of the soldier Charles Gordon, and the girl Alice Ayres, and then, but a few days before his own death, Mr. Froude's stirring narrative of Rodney's great victory over De Grasse in the West Indies, inspired the stanzas printed in the last number of this magazine. *Facit indignatio versus*; but instead of pouring out his anger in wild invective against those whom he believed to be bringing his country to shame, though there are passages, eloquent and dignified passages, in which he did not spare to speak the thoughts within him, he preferred rather to remind himself and others that "the ancient spirit is not dead," and that the men and women of England are still the sons and daughters of those who never feared to face death at the call of duty. The relief Charles Kingsley found from the unrest and perplexity of his own thoughts in writing that noblest of romances, "Westward Ho!" Sir Francis Doyle found, we may suppose, in writing "The Return of the Guards," "The Private of the Buffs," "The Red Thread of Honor," "The Saving of the Colors," and other poems of the same class which even those who despair most bitterly of their country can hardly believe will ever cease to be read by Englishmen.

No one will dare to say that the heroic bosom beats no more, but the heroic lay is not just at present much in fashion among our poets. Lord Tennyson has indeed produced two or three fine pieces, but since Macaulay wrote his "Armada," it is curious how few of our young poets have turned for inspiration to those splendid feats of arms or of single, unassuming valor, which, more than all the wisdom and foresight of her statesmen, ay, and sometimes in spite of her statesmen, have given England her place among the nations, and of which the history of our own times can supply no lack of bright examples. We have heard it said that Macaulay once had it in his mind to turn his

* The Return of the Guards and other Poems; London, 1883. Sir Francis Doyle succeeded Mr. Matthew Arnold in the chair of poetry at Oxford.

unrivalled store of English history to the same use as he had turned the history of ancient Rome to in his famous lays. We wish that he had wrought out the idea, for he would have wrought it nobly. And nobly might Sir Francis, too, have wrought it; but there seemed always some check upon him, as though he feared the spirit of the time was against him, and that Tyrtæus must needs sing now to cold hearts and careless ears. "The poet of battle," he said in one of his lectures at Oxford, "fares ill in modern England. Successive governments seem equally ready — equally eager, I might almost say — to throw overboard all the treasures, all the heirlooms of our English past. We are to put off our whole armor, simply because it is armor, without much inquiring whether it be the armor of God or not. Such phrases as fighting the good fight, quitting ourselves like men, holding fast the sword of the spirit — such appeals as that of Demosthenes to the immortal shadows that glorify Marathon — are now quite out of fashion." We will hope it is not so bad as all that, though heirlooms, as the newspapers tell us every week, are not now held in much account; but it is certain that the fancies of our young English poets do not just at present turn to thoughts of "arms and the man." Sometimes we almost fear that those delightful lectures Mr. Matthew Arnold used to read us on the vulgarity of being too pleased with ourselves and our exploits — on "that failure in good sense which comes from too warm a self-satisfaction," — have had an effect which we are sure he never designed; that his playful banter on the "Rule Britannia strain" of Mr. Kinglake, and of those politicians who used to congratulate their constituents on the superiority and unrivalled happiness of the Anglo-Saxon race, may have chilled the patriotism of the young generation. The fear of being branded as provincial is too much for them. It is perhaps a question whether to proclaim our weaknesses and shortcomings so persistently from the housetops may not prove in the long run as bad for us as to join in the chorus of "Rule Britannia." However, these fears were not in the air when Sir Francis was growing to manhood, fortunately for us; and it was also his fortune to be fed on different and stronger food than the present generation seems to find most to its taste. He was nourished on Homer and Walter Scott.

Homer and Walter Scott — the man who knows and loves those two poets is

certain to have a broad and wholesome taste. It was so with Sir Francis. He read his classics, to use Macaulay's fine phrase, like a man; he was a student, though not exactly in the modern sense, of Shakespeare; he could admire Shelley and Wordsworth without depreciating Byron: "After all," he said to the young men at Oxford, "why should we not admire both Byron and Wordsworth, without measuring their respective heights to an inch?" He devoted one of his lectures to the "Dream of Gerontius," and another to the rustic lyrics of Mr. Barnes. It was this large appreciation of all that was good of its kind in poetry that made his professional discourses so wholesome to young people. He came after Matthew Arnold, and no one could be more conscious than himself how much that meant. In the years during which that admirable critic held the chair of poetry, he was in his prime; and Matthew Arnold in his prime marks an era in the history of English criticism. Nevertheless, for their broad sympathy, their cheerfulness, their sterling common sense, their vigorous simplicity of language and clearness of thought, the lectures of Sir Francis Doyle are no bad models for those who would guide young minds to an intelligent appreciation of poetry.

But large and disinterested as was his love of poetry, the first place in his heart, though not perhaps in his head, was surely given among English singers to Scott, "the undoubted inheritor," as he called him, "of that trumpet note which, under the breath of Homer, has made the wrath of Achilles immortal." In the first of his lectures on the author of "Marmion," Sir Francis frankly owned that he came forward not as a judge but as an advocate, an advocate and a partisan. "It was during my childhood," he said, "that Scott rose to the height of his renown; and I make it my business to hold up through good report and evil report the poetical banner under which I enlisted as a boy. I knew the battle in 'Marmion' by heart almost before I could read, and I cannot raze out — I do not wish to raze out — of my soul all that filled and colored it in days gone by." At the same time he never praised Scott extravagantly nor unwisely; he knew well that in many ways and for various gifts his great contemporaries, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Keats, stood far above him. Only, he loved Scott best. "It belongs perhaps as much to the animal spirits and the circulation of the blood, as to any intellectual faculties, if the un-

flagging energy of Scott's narrative power, and the unaffected vigor of his epical style, have still charms for me such as subtler, and profounder, and more delicate compositions do not possess; if to sack-but and shawm and all manner of musical instruments, I yet prefer, as I do prefer, the sound of the trumpet." Such mere personal tastes are not, it may be said, to the purpose of criticism. Perhaps they are not, but it were no bad thing for the coming generation if one so wholesome were shared a little more freely by its teachers. A Scott Society (though Heaven forbid such a thing should be!) would at least never perpetrate such nauseous follies as those with which some of his professed admirers now disfigure the memory of Shelley.

But though he loved the sound of the trumpet Sir Francis was no mere drum-and-trumpet poet. It was not the thunder of the battle that he loved best to sing, nor the glory of the conqueror.

The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture and the strife,
The earthquake voice of victory,

were not the breath of his poetic life. It is, he says, one of the finer instincts of British nature that a defeat bravely met should stir us more deeply than the proudest triumph. This instinct, he points out, was peculiarly strong in Scott; the proudest and most patriotic of Scotchmen, his country's defeat at Flodden yet moved him to a grander flight than her victory at Bannockburn. And it was so with Sir Francis. It was of those who perished for their country that he loved best to sing. In one of the first and finest of his poems, in "The Return of the Guards," he bids us, while greeting with glad shouts the bronzed and bearded heroes who have brought back the flag of England torn yet triumphant still, never to forget the others who have helped to win but cannot share the triumph. And not alone those who fell in the pride of battle with their faces to the foe by the red banks of Alma, on the heights of Inkerman, in the valley of Balaclava, the remembered dead who were welcomed in the Hall of Heroes by the brave of old time, —

Then from their place of ancient glory,
All sheathed in shining brass,
Three hundred men of the Grecian glen
Marched down to see them pass.

These have their meed; but the others, the nameless, uncomplaining crowd who died from want and sickness and cold, victims not of the Russian bullets but of

their own country's folly and carelessness, — these, too, must never be forgotten.

All through that dim, despairing winter,
Too noble to complain,
Bands hunger-worn, in raiment torn,
Came not by foemen slain.

And patient from the sullen trenches
Crowds sunk by toil and cold —
Then murmurs slow, like thunders low,
Wailed through the brave of old.

Wrath glided o'er the Hall of Heroes,
Anguish and shame and scorn,
As clouds that drift breathe darkness swift
O'er seas of shining corn.

Wrath glided o'er the Hall of Heroes,
And veiled it like a pall,
Whilst all felt fear, lest they should hear
The Lion-banner fall.

And if unstained that ancient banner
Keep yet its place of pride,
Let none forget how vast the debt
We owe to those who died.

Let none forget THE OTHERS, marching
With steps we feel no more,
Whose bodies sleep by that grim deep
Which shakes the Euxine shore.

It was not the living heroes of Rorke's Drift that he chose to sing, but Melville and Coghill who saved the colors from the desperate wreck of Isandhlana, but would not save themselves.

For now, forgetting that wild ride, forgetful
of all pain,
High amongst those who have not lived, who
have not died in vain,
By strange stars watched they sleep afar
within some nameless glen,
Beyond the tumult and the noise, beyond the
praise of men.

And Moyse, the private of the Buffs, who swore in the teeth of certain death that he would bend his knee to no Chinaman alive, and stood, by virtue of that oath,

in Elgin's place,
Ambassador of Britain's crown,
And type of all her race;

and the "eleven men of England," who died through some one's blunder amid the sands of Scinde and were found by Napier with the red thread of honor bound round each bleaching wrist; and Mehrab Khan (for Sir Francis in his love of knightly deeds knew no distinction of time or place or people) who vowed

To perish to the last the lord
Of all that man can call his own,

and fell beneath the English bayonets at the door of his zenana; and the men who

went down silent and unmoving in their ranks on the deck of the sinking Birkenhead; and last, though indeed not least, the girl, Alice Ayres, who has won her place in Valhalla by the side of the greatest hero of them all.

Such were the subjects which inspired Sir Francis Doyle's best verse. He has written on others, drawn sometimes from ancient, sometimes from modern sources; and through all his writing runs a certain vein of distinction; it is always the work of a man whose native sense of literature has been trained on the best models. In his poem on the race for the St. Leger, beyond the fire and gallop of the verses, it is especially noticeable how well he has succeeded, to borrow Johnson's phrase, in writing of trifles with dignity (though so staunch a Yorkshireman would never have allowed a horse-race to be called a trifle), and that, moreover, on a subject which does not readily lend itself to dignity. But it was when, like Achilles, he took his lyre to sing the deeds of heroes, that he was heard at his best. England, it has been well said of him, was his mistress, and he gave her his best as Dante did to Beatrice and Petrarch to Laura. The love of country was with him a passion that, in his own words, burned "with a flame no years can tame," as the stars of honor burn forever in the "inmost home of heroes," and in singing of the men who worked and died for her, his voice took an ampler, clearer tone than he seemed always able to find for other subjects. "Now let us praise our famous men," he began, when his duty as professor of poetry called him to compose a commemoration ode in honor of his chancellor, Lord Salisbury; and with a dexterity of compliment that Pope might have envied he asked to whom in her peril,

To whom should England turn for strength
If not to Burleigh's line?

That was what he loved to do; to glorify the past, not at the expense of the present, but to inspire the living with hope and courage by reminding them of "the fathers of our ancient race" who never in the darkest hour despaired or faltered but,

'gainst the rush of peril, showed
Fresh courage as the foe drew nigher,
And fused men's thoughts, until they glowed
Like one great breath of living fire.

The opening stanzas of the poem on Alice Ayres finely express his view of the lesson to be learned from the noble deeds he loved to read of and record. Whatever

the future has in store for us, — and at the time he wrote the lines there was much to make a man of his years and failing health despondent — this at least will always remain our inalienable inheritance.

We see how wretched are the parts
Played by misleaders of the State,
And feel within our echoing hearts
The step of an advancing fate.
Yes! England's sun may set, alas!
May set in gloom, nor rise again,
Her proud name like a shadow pass
Out of the thoughts and words of men.

Still there is much not born to die:
Great deeds can never be undone:
Their splendor yet must fill our sky
Like stars, outlasting even the sun.
Ten thousand years may come and go,
But not to move them from their place:
Through them new lands will learn and know
Why God once shaped the English race.

And this lesson he strove to teach in clear and undecorated verse which has at least two of the cardinal merits of good poetry, simplicity and straightforwardness, and which was well suited to the high, unvarnished subjects in which his heart rejoiced.

One may say of Sir Francis Doyle what he said of his friend Henry Taylor: "His genius, in truth, if not of the highest order, had nothing in common with the genius of disease; on the contrary, it was braced and strengthened by great general ability, a sound judgment, and a masculine good sense." We have enough of the genius of disease, enough and to spare in all conscience; but those fine spirits which stir at the thought of a noble deed as at the sound of a trumpet are not so common that we should let one pass from among us without a word of farewell. On the long roll of her poets England may well keep a place for the name of Francis Doyle, for this at least if for no other desert, *quia multum amavit*. There must be some among us still who, irrespective of personal attachment, will mourn the loss of one who was not ashamed to speak his love for his country and to glory in the achievements of her sons.

From The Spectator.

THE TERCENTENARY OF THE ARMADA
ON SKIDDAW TOP.

VERY anxiously, I suspect, had all who had taken part in the bonfire preparations for "Armada night" on Skiddaw Top scanned their barometers. An inch and a

half of rain was not the best possible precursor of a good beacon-fire. But the clouds lifted on Wednesday at noon, the glass crept up, and when the morning broke of July 19th, which three hundred years before had filled the Plymouth shipmen with anxiety for the fray, and bade the beacon-builders make ready for the night all England over, the enthusiastic promoters of the Armada bonfire on Skiddaw were in good spirits for their undertaking. "If the wind nobbut keeps where she is, it will be grand for Carlisle chaps to-neet, and Skiddaw Low will be seen far, far enef." "Peats is gaily wet; but if sun holds out, they'll be good for kindling at sundown,"—so ran the talk of the guides at the hotel door.

At noon, with a stout pony and a trusty attendant, and much victual—for I did not intend to come down from Skiddaw till early on the following morning—I started. I passed up Spooney Green Lane, and found some half-dozen bonfire-builders already on the track. What a mountain path it was!—small wonder the Keswickians fought hard for such access to Skiddaw and Latrigg. Either side of the way, the elder-flowers and wild dog-roses were lavishly sweet and luxuriously abundant. Then we entered a soft, larch-scented avenue; and upward to "Jenkin" and the "gate" we climbed. Lustrously shone Bassenthwaite, gaily laughed Derwentwater, and the whole of the Crosthwaite valley smiled with springing corn and golden patches of rich turnip-flower and mustard.

The "gate" was won, and at the "huts," as they are called, I paused. Up after me climbed the bonfire-builders, now reinforced by some of the sturdiest dalesmen I had seen,—giants in limb and merry in tongue. They sat for a moment at the "hut," and drank health to good Queen Bess, and Howard and Drake, in glasses of some new-fangled non-intoxicant; rather different stuff from the liquor Drake and Hawkins quaffed as they played at bowls upon the Plymouth Hoe. Thus refreshed, upward towards the "High Man" they went. Each had a bundle of rockets slung round his neck. Each carried some bonfire implement that would this night be needed. I soon distanced them, and over the long, tufted sward I went, on through the gate by the fence near where the peats had been cut, and whence they had been "sledged" to the top. Thence, gazing down into the green basin of the forest, and over towards Cannock Fell, I saw my first sight of the shimmering Sol-

way and the lilac hills of Scotland beyond. I could not but stop for a moment to stare at the wonderful view of the Keswick Valley as obtained from the path that climbs up at the back of the "Lāat Man." I had had no idea of the beauty of the shape of Derwentwater till then. And now over the loose stones along the grassless ridge we went, my pony, my guide, and I, till the summit of Skiddaw was gained, and the scene of the beacon-fire that was to be. About forty loads of peat, half stacked, half loose, lay against the summit "shelter." Presently the bonfire committee made their appearance, and in a trice jackets were off, and with a will all the damper peats were exposed to sun and wind, and the dry ones were carefully selected for the night's fire. The builders then set to work. They removed the debris of the Jubilee beacon-fire; they next built up a most scientific basement of stones, with a flagged cross-entrance to a central chimney for draught; and on this basement, eighteen feet in diameter, they began to lay the foundation of their Armada beacon-fire. They had a skilled master mason as the head with them, and they arranged eight other chimney-flues, which were carefully built up throughout the whole mass, and kept open as carefully for air and draught. Cross-inlets were also provided to the central flue, and so the work went on. Peat flew fast and thick, and fun and merriment were showered as fast.

It was not till the heap had grown under five hours' hardish work to a great brown, fortress-looking mass, twenty feet high, that all the dry stuff that could be laid hands on in the shape of broken barrels was piled on, and a cask of paraffin broached and carefully used, as, layer after layer, the last dry peats were added to crown all. Nay, not to crown all; for a pole was driven down into the mass, a paraffin-cask and a tar-barrel with the head out put on top, and then the builders climbed down from their work, and rested from their goodly labors.

The man who stood the highest that ever man stood on Skiddaw Top, I expect, was he who climbed up on to the barrels and waved his hat and called for three cheers for the queen. And it would have done the heart of the average citizen in our island home of taciturn reserve good to have heard the echoes back to his call from lusty throats, and to have seen the stalwart yeoman and decorous master mechanic, the village clerk and the country parson—or parsons, for there were two

or three of the neighboring parsons, as I judged, working with a will at the bonfire heap — join hands and fairly dance round the mighty pyre : —

Sun sank upon the dusky hills, and on the purple sea,
Such night on Skiddaw ne'er has been since that great Jubilee.

For now the people began to come swarming up from the plains beneath, and from tower and town and hamlet, till in truth the night "was busy as the day." And it was worth while to have witnessed that sunset. A light veil of cloud was over the sea to the west, and the sun shone upon the veil, and made it as though it had been a tissue of fleecy gold. Then suddenly the great gold-red ball disappeared, but still its light fell in patches upon the waving, heaving, filmy carpet of lilac vapor above the silent sea. But there, dark against the sky, stood the great dusky-brown stack, — motionless, and dull, and meaningless. At 9.30 P.M., the master architect called upon the stalwart son of the fire-god to broach the second barrel of paraffin and besprinkle the top of the pile. A great wind arose, and the air was heard to sing through the flues.

The parson, who seemed to be a leading spirit, was now called on to give an account of that 19th July in 1588, and this he did; and as his words died away, a cheer broke the temporary silence. Then a detachment was told off to go the point of Skiddaw, in view of Keswick Town; and at 10 P.M. sharp, red light seemed to break from underground at that far point, and in a moment the rosy glow was seen to irradiate the crowd by the beacon on the summit, and make the place a very moun-

tain height of phantasy or demon-glory, as dreamed of in some wizard's tale. Rockets whizzed up to heaven, and fell in stars and golden rain. Another moment, and a lady was seen to touch the summit of the pyre with a long wand of fire, — a peat, saturated with paraffin, at the end of a long pole. And in a second the whole mass, with a roar, leapt into flame, and flung a banner of glorious golden light far off to the westward over the vale, in the direction of Bassenthwaite and the Wythop Woods, — a flame with at least three hundred square feet of fire in it, as I heard. Then "Rule, Britannia!" and cheers for Drake and Frobisher, Hawkins and Raleigh and Howard, were heard, and the Bonfire Committee must needs have been glad. "The red glare of Skiddaw" had indeed "roused the burghers of Carlisle."

Rockets went upward from either point. At about 10.45 silence was called for, and Macaulay's "Ballad of the Armada" was given, by a schoolmaster, as I learned afterwards of the neighboring parish of Brigham. Three cheers were called for and given. The chairman of the Bonfire Committee was lifted and carried enthusiastically round the beacon-fire on the shoulders of his fire-making comrades. At 11, red lights were again displayed, and bouquets of rockets sailed up and broke in beauty. The national anthem was sung, and leaving the Armada beacon to burn to its heart's content for another two days or more, the crowd gradually began to disperse, and "down the hill, down the hill," the hundreds of spectators went with shout and song, or with silence and in thought of the Spanish Armada, and the eventful beacon-night three hundred years ago.

H. D. R.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S DIVIDED DUTIES. — There appears to be a good deal of misapprehension as to the position of the attorney-general in regard to private clients. The position is undoubtedly anomalous and inconvenient, and the discomfort which all concerned have recently suffered from the double situation will, we hope, lead to the severance by act of Parliament of the attorneys-general and solicitors-general of the future from private practice. The queen is quite a great enough sovereign to occupy all the time of her head lawyers, and she pays them well enough to make private practice in her own courts unnecessary. In no other country in Europe, we believe, is the chief executive lawyer of the

State allowed to do private business, and the only excuse for it is that it helps the attorney-general of the day to save enough to support the prospective peerage. Life peerages will get rid of this necessity, and until then the matter is one which should not depend on any question of money. The inconveniences of the system ought not, however, to be visited on the individual, and it ought to be generally known that the rule is not that the attorney-general is entitled to take private briefs, but that, like any other member of the bar, he is bound to take them, and if he refuse his conduct is subject to inquiry by his Inn of Court.

Law Journal.

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